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No. 1,093—Vol. XLIII.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE JURY OF AWARD ON AN INSPECTION TOUR IN THE WINE VAULTS OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

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VOLUME XLIII.

THE Forty-third Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER begins with this issue. The next six months of our national history bid fair to abound to an unusual degree with incidents demanding pictorial reproduction in order to bring them fairly before the popular apprehension. Besides the current events of the period, the closing weeks of the Centennial Exposition will be even richer in picturesque suggestions than their predecessors; and the political contest upon which we are entering will likewise contribute largely to the interest of our illustrated pages. In this department, as well as in those devoted to literature, science and social discussion, we shall continue to maintain the position which this journal has steadily occupied as the highest exponent of illustrated journalism in America.

OFFICE HOLDERS IN POLITICS.

THE theory that governments exist for the benefit of the people is one of the most glittering and delusive of all the generalities in our immortal and glorious Declaration. Assuming that this self-evident truth needed only to be stated in a general way, the fathers of the Republic proceeded to organize a government in accordance with their declaration of principles, but neglected, unfortunately, to make any provision whereby their excellent theory should be practically enforced. The result has been that the Government exists and is maintained for the benefit of an oligarchy of office-holders. To prevent the Government from falling into such a condition as this, and to render a governing class altogether impossible, all titles of nobility were prohibited, the rights of primogeniture were abolished, and the power of entailing estates was denied. The people were permitted to choose their own governors and law-makers, and all men were made equal before the law. The public offices, in the beginning, were few and poorly paid, and no one seemed to apprehend that they would ever be otherwise. But we are now entering upon our second century, and the situation is greatly changed; the public offices are many, the pay is large, and the power of the office-holders has become so great that it is a constant menace to the public safety. The corruptions in the public service have become alarming; some of the corrupt officials have been detected, convicted, and punished; and they merely serve as an indication of the corruptions that have not been exposed, and of the officials who deserve to be, but have not yet been punished. These officials are themselves the Government. Congress is in session but a few months of the year, and when it adjourns there is no other Government than that of the office-holders. Even when Congress is in session, it is virtually in the hands of the officials, and is compelled to act in conformity with their directions. When Congress meets, it designates one of its members as a speaker, who then appoints certain other members as committees to attend to the public business. These committees know nothing about the condition of the internal workings of the different departments of the Government, except what they are told by the officials in them; and even the "heads" of the departments, as they are called, know nothing of the affairs which they are supposed to direct but what their subordinates choose to tell them. The Committee

on Ways and Means, for example, is justly regarded as the most important of all the Congressional Committees, for it is intrusted with the duty of making provision for all the different departments of the Government. It must provide the money requisite to keep up the army and navy, the diplomatic service, the civil service, and all the other services. So the chairman of the committee puts himself in communication with the head of the Treasury Department, and learns from that official how much money will be required to keep the governmental machine in running order for the next fiscal year, and on the strength of his report makes up the estimate of the sum to be abstracted from the earnings of the people in the form of taxes of one kind and another, for the next twelve months. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means then informs Congress that he must have an additional hundred millions, more or less, as the case may be, and suggests the most feasible manner of obtaining the required sum. A debate ensues, as a matter of course, which seems to be needed in order that the leading members may have an opportunity for showing how little they know about the matter, and, after a vast deal of talking, some sharp personalities, and good deal of calling to order, the members generally get tired, the session draws to an end, and the Bill proposed by the Committee of Ways and Means is passed, and the Government is maintained for another year. The office-holders keep their places, they draw their pay regularly at the end of the month, and take all necessary measures for keeping themselves in power, and so the lumbering machine rolls on, while the people toil and sweat to keep it in motion.

The people govern, of course; they elect their rulers, or imagine they do, though in reality they are only the candidates who are presented to them for their suffrages by the manipulation of the office-holders, who are the real ruling power in the Government. Theoretically, the people have it in their power to do as they please, but usually they please to do as they are directed by their unseen masters. The office-holders under the national Government are about one hundred thousand in number, and they form a most powerful class, scattered as they are through every Congressional district in the country. Dependent upon this vast army of officials, and subjected to their influence, there must be at least double the number of voters, which will swell the grand total to at least three hundred thousand active partisans. To these must be added the State and municipal officials who are in political accord with them, who will increase the grand army of political officials interested in maintaining the reigning dynasty in power to at least five hundred thousand men. It is against this immense power that the reformers, who feel the necessity for a change in the Government, have to work. It is in the hands of these office-holders that the machinery of the elections has been placed by the error of the Law in not prohibiting them from taking any part in the primary meetings of citizens. There was a pretended effort made to prevent the office-holders under the National Government from exercising any influence at the Saratoga Convention for the nomination of a Republican candidate for Governor; but the result shows with how little good. There was much talk about nominating Cornell, by the Custom House officials, but the Custom House is not run altogether by idiots; it was their purpose to put in nomination a man who would have some chance of an election, and the name of Cornell was employed merely to divert attention from the man they intended to honor. The office holders knew perfectly well what they were about, and they are entitled to great credit for the shrewdness of their tactics. Ex-Governor Morgan was their candidate from the start, and to prevent any interference with their schemes they permitted Mr. Evarts to be brought forward, and rather encouraged the idea that he would be the strongest candidate at Saratoga. They wanted to place an obstacle in the way of his going over to Tilden, the reform candidate, and they calculated that if he could be induced to allow his name to be brought before the Convention he would thereby be effectively stopped from going over to the opposition. They succeeded perfectly, and after giving him a handsome complimentary vote, they gave a unanimous shout for Morgan. Mr. Curtis, who was Mr. Evarts's best man on the occasion, had the cruelty to wield the scimitar which sliced off the head of his eminent friend in the most graceful and effective manner possible. He reminded the Convention that Mr. Evarts was the friend of Seward at the Chicago Convention, had proposed that the nomination of Lincoln should be made unanimous, and now, as the friend of Mr. Evarts, he proposed that the same thing should be done for Morgan. And it was done with a cheerfulness that must have startled even Mr. Curtis himself.

So Mr. Morgan is up again for the office of Governor, and for a third term, too, and for three years, and all by the adroit management of the officeholders who have so shrewdly worked their cards, that their most active opponent, the head of the civil service reformers, was made to do their bidding whether he knew it or not. The ability to elect him is a different matter; but the people, knowing the power they have to contend with, need not be defeated unless they choose to be.

THE POLICY OF HONESTY.

HOWEVER much philosophers may differ as to the nature of the moral quality termed conscience, there is no doubt that all men and women—and perhaps some animals too—are endowed with it in a greater or less degree. The inward monitor which urges us to perform certain actions because they seem right, and diverts us from others which do not present themselves so favorably to our minds, may be an intuitive gift or an acquired faculty, but it certainly exists. And although it may become seared and blunted through long contact with the harsh edges of life, its potency never dies entirely away even from the hearts of the most besotted members of the human race. But like other of the nobler capacities of man's nature, the conscience may sometimes be smothered or "corrupted with injustice" until its flickering rays are scarcely perceptible in the broader glare of selfish purpose which absorbs them. Every business man knows how delicate is the line of separation drawn between straightforward honesty and the indirect accomplishment of ends. Happily, however, for him, there exists a principle based upon the fundamental interests of society itself which, even were the stronger influence wanting, impels him to the right course both as a matter of social obligation and of individual policy. But in those fields of action in which the ties of duty are less distinctly visible, in which speculation rather than experience is the guide, there is frequently no such restraining influence. In politics especially is this unfortunately the case. The average politician, in fact, is too generally in the habit of carrying his conscience concealed in some secret recess whence it may be brought into use only as the occasion requires, the doctrine of expediency epitomizing his entire ethical code, and the higher graces of his nature being subordinated to the varying exigencies of his daily experience. The trouble, is that, from the popular standpoint, strict morality does not seem to consort harmoniously with the profession of politics. They are regarded in the outset as mutually destructive, and, as a natural consequence, they become so in the end. The most remarkable feature of this apparently antagonistic state of things is, that low ideas of moral obligation are not confined to the inferior grades of politicians only, but extend also to the men who tread a more exalted path as party leaders and statesmen—persons whose notions of honesty in their ordinary intercourse with mankind are frequently keenly sensitive. The deepest laid schemes of our highest legislators, bearing, perhaps, the outward stamp of the most beneficent design, are often based upon motives of low chicanery, and sustained by degrading influences such as would bring ruin upon the fairest business reputations to even tamper with.

Now, leaving out of account the essential impropriety of such rebellion against moral principle, it is clearly demonstrable that, as a mere matter of personal policy, nothing could be more unwise. Our recent history has furnished us many notable illustrations of this truth. Political immorality is a blunder from first to last—as much so as dishonesty in any kind of business. Defective honesty, no less than indecency, invariably betokens lack of brains. The politician who looks indifferently on while "his party" is attempting to achieve some apparently desirable end through rascally measures, or who suffers himself to be drawn into "crooked" intrigues by party pressure, is stupidly blind to his own interest. Politicians, as such as any other class of workers, should cultivate their consciences to the highest point of refinement, and should be guided by them in all their movements. It would, perhaps, not be taking an exaggerated view of the case, in consideration of the important results aimed at, to claim that even more than most other men they should be always sensitive to moral restraint. Too high a standard cannot be set up. They should insist upon right being always rigorously done, for the simple reason that it is right, and that wrong should never be resorted to merely because it is wrong. Nothing, of course, can force a man into wrong-doing, and it is equally evident that nothing can justify him in it. No expedients, however plausible, which involve wrong-doing, can ever be connived at without injury to some person; and, as a rule, the individual who connives at them is the worst sufferer in the end. The ruined

reputations and blasted hopes of many of our most prominent men, party leaders of lofty fame, several of whom until recently seemed to have brilliant prospects before them in the near future, show in clearest colors how essential it is to success in public life to eschew the wrong course and stand steadfast by the right. Despite the cynical tendency of the times, the public man, or the supporter of public measures, who adheres inflexibly to upright principle is not to be rated as a mere sentimentalist. He is a politician in the highest sense of the word, because he recognizes the utter impolicy of any other course of conduct. The noble sentiment of Henry Clay, "I would rather be right than be President!" expresses a line of policy which should be carefully pondered upon by ambitious men who hope to navigate the troubled sea of political life with the greatest security against shipwreck. What a melancholy sight is presented by the many stranded hulks which lie along the shores, dismantled and useless, objects of derision for all future time! But the signs are encouraging. The popular mind is becoming more and more exacting as to the honest purpose of our public men. Greed and self-seeking are not likely to be exalted into high position with the comfortable immunity from investigation and censure which has latterly prevailed. A more elevated sentiment is gradually spreading in the minds of the masses, and its result must be to purify political action by raising the standard of political principle. The sooner this purer state of feeling begins to make itself apparent in practice the better for the country, for, upon it, far more than upon mere questions of material policy, such as tariffs, or river or harbor improvements and the like, depends the stability of the Union. The basis of true patriotism is honesty, and it is only through the rigid application of this quality that the perpetuity of our Republican experiment can possibly be assured.

MISDEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

WE love to think that our beloved friends who have passed through the valley of the great shadow are at rest. We are taught to believe that they are. We write our prayers that they may be, on the marble above their graves, and in some lands the cemetery is called a Court of Peace. Anything that comes between us and this idea gives us pain; and the pain is still further increased to feel that our dead friends are not only restless, but engaged in trivial and mean occupations, and filled with unworthy thoughts. Hence sensible men and women deplore the doings of the spiritists, who represent the dead as answering questions, as ringing bells, making inharmonious noises on musical instruments, stretching human bodies beyond their normal length, and answering questions as to receipts of all kinds, from the making of a will to a plum-pudding.

If we could put implicit faith in these manifestations, there might be an indirect value to them in giving us some assurance as to the future life of the soul; but the human mind is so constituted that it distrusts all superhuman messages coming through natural agencies, as they must come, if they come at all. Besides, we, most of us, have in our hearts an intuitive conviction of the soul's immortality; so that we do not need to call upon the dead to perform juggling tricks in order to make us certain of it. The belief in the future life of the soul is an instinct, and, like most instincts not amenable to the laws of reason.

Always, and notably within the last few years, there have been a race of ghouls, who have had no scruples in disturbing the graves of the dead, in order to flitch from them the mysteries of their condition, and to profit by the wisdom that is supposed to characterize spiritual life when untrammelled by the body. In old times these people were called soothsayers, witches, diviners, and to-day they are called spiritualists. They have never been held quite within the pale of good reputation, and, since they first began to ply their arts, have left in their train numberless exposures of their trickery—devil's footprints of a nefarious calling. The latest, and among the most important and complete of these expositions of frauds, have occurred recently, and are still themes of earnest talk. The Davenport Brothers, who were once thought to be in very strong league with the spirit world, have been repeatedly caught in their tricks; and at the present time a Mr. W. Irving Bishop is going from place to place on a mission of truth, doing all the wonderful things attempted by the Davenports and avowedly using only natural means. The spirit-photographers are no longer a mystery, and now within a few weeks we have had an exposure of the "sealed letter" business that goes to show how much more necessary it is to have a little steam-opening apparatus, than it is to be gifted with the clear spiritual vision which can read through envelope and paper. The worst feature of this last exposure is, that it

puts a high official of our Government into rather an undignified position—and shows to the world the weak side of his character—a weak side that will make him the laughing-stock of the court where he is representing us.

But there is no one who reads this article who does not know of spiritistic humbugs, and has not read the exposures of more or less of their tricks. The representative men of spiritism have not generally been men of strength. They have either been fanatics and men easily carried away by the wind of any idle doctrine; or they have been sharpers of an unmistakable guise. We are now referring to those mediums who gain a livelihood through pretended clairvoyance or the ordinary best known "physical manifestations." A man who strives to view and study the mysteries of nature from a spiritual standpoint may reach a plane of sight beyond ordinary mortals and do much good. Men like the prophets, may find unusual spiritual mysteries in the light of a holy life—men like Shakespeare and Milton may see further than most men in their ecstatic moments of composition, and men like Beethoven and Mozart may be caught up to the very heights of Olympus in the mazes of their own harmonies. Reformers who mount up on the shams they pull down, religionists who see beyond all isms, poets who climb with sky-turned faces till their eyes are filled with the "vision and faculty divine," musicians who grapple with the gigantic tones of the universe—these are the men to whom are vouchsafed glimpses into the future. They are the only real "spiritualists," the only readers of the sealed book that men can trust; and their views even are shadowy and vague. But these men do not deal or mislead with the dead. They are too grand for that. They are the Atlases that support the world of truth. Our sense of knowledge grows as they come and grow. Their minds tally with the material laws; and they take what the good God gives, and attempt to seize no more. Setting aside the probability that all who claim to have intercourse with the dead are either touched with madness or given up to imposture, we have still no right to call back the dead. The curse of God has followed in the wake of spiritism. Men have been made mad by its fallacies; families have been broken up through its influences; and moral heresies have crept into whole communities hand-in-hand with its doctrines. Spiritism has for its father, Superstition; for its mother, Fraud, and its children are called Insanity, Discord and Free-love—that means free-lust.

It is a thing to be shunned as a plague; for to them who look upon it must come, sooner or later, the curse that falls on those who seek to be face to face with God before God's time.

IMPOSSIBLE HOMES.

PRIMARILY, of course, a home is only possible where one has it actually in possession. There are ideal homes as airy and unsubstantial as "castles in Spain," which people have erected in a single sunny hour of a June afternoon, or in the same brief stretch of time that lapsed before an ample December fire on the hearthstone. Never were homes so entirely cozy, so utterly adapted to all the needs of those who dwelt under their roofs. Never were homes so free from all unhappiness, so unshadowed by crime, so perfectly fearless of death. Well-ordered from garret to cellar, without a flaw in their decorations and adornments, they had such innocent attractiveness that their impossibility might be forgiven. Their possessors owned them, too, and never could the cloud of a mortgage rest upon them. Happy are those who can be content with the lifelong possession of such a home, and do not weary their souls with bricks and mortar, and such more substantial possessions.

It is not of these impossible homes that we speak. There is another idea which puts on a more substantial appearance and makes many more pretensions, besides doing a great deal of harm. In at least two of what are styled (by themselves) "our leading magazines," series of articles on modern homes, their furniture, decorations and other appurtenances have been for some time in course of publication. If anybody has been brave enough to read both series, and has in contemplation the erection and furnishing of a home on the latest plan, his brain must be in a whirl of bewilderment. Here, for instance, is a library with a projecting Gothic chimney and Etruscan vases on the sides, with a Doric sarcophagus for a table in the centre. It looks imposing, and—well, it is an imposition! Next we have a bookcase, which, by the number and intricacy of its knobs, drawers and shelves, must have been originally designed for a magician's cabinet, as it would evidently better serve his purposes than those of a scholar. Nothing more favorable can be said of bedroom, dining-room and other apartments, where elaboration wearies the eye and

offends the taste. Washstands that resemble a buffet; hanging cabinets that look like fragments of a parlor organ; flower stands patterned after an infant's crib, puzzle the eye and defy the imagination at every turn. Many articles of furniture and decoration resemble nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath, and their mission being supposed to be to look pretty, it is difficult to say how it is to be accomplished. Of course it must be admitted that there are many good suggestions made and not a few excellent designs are presented, but if a man should proceed to pattern his home wholly by direction of these writers, his mansion would be more like a curiosity-shop than the residence of a respectable gentleman. Everything would look infinitely worse in hard fact than on paper. His would be an impossible home.

It must be admitted that no little harm is done by the attempt to create a taste for the extremely fanciful and *bizarre*. It may be permitted to become the fancy of an eccentric rich man, but it would be ruinous if made the fashion of the multitude. When it is remembered that the masses are ready imitators, it will be seen that it would not be out of the bounds of possibility to fill the land with rude attempts at the creation of impossible homes. Even now every cheap furniture-store displays gaudy imitations of Eastlake, and in other respects begins to grow into a resemblance of the curiosity-shop. Thus the pleasant, cozy homes of the middle class will soon become distorted imitations of the eccentric as well as the beautiful in modern attempts at the restoration of old designs and the latest so-called improvements on the restoration. It cannot be that the mass of mankind will really be benefited by this movement. The common sense of the multitude may be trusted to make and keep their homes (where they really have homes) pleasant and attractive. If the new movement were really, in all respects, commendable, there would still be some doubt as to whether the majority should heed it. As presented, however, by its teachers here, it becomes an absurdity. It can only create impossible homes. Leaving the palpable present, it seems to aim beyond the fixed stars. Our American homes already are models of comfort. It would be cruel to set the contented housewife crazy on the subject of shams and eccentricities. The home that is possible to the majority can be improved, where it is needed, without a revolution. Let us hear no more of these impossible homes.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING AUGUST 26, 1876.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CONSTANTINOPLE have practically admitted the occurrence of atrocities in Bulgaria. They have sent a Commissioner to the disturbed districts to inquire into them, and have hanged one officer guilty of excesses near Philippopolis. Their Commissioner, Klany Pasha, is said to be a good man; but, unless he is very unlike other pashas, he will send up a merely palliative report; while, unless he takes with him a very strong body of troops, he will not be able to do justice to the Circassians. The only sufficient and permanent preventive of such scenes is to allow the Christians to carry arms, but this is the one reform to which even enlightened Mussulmans are not willing to accede. They fancy armed Christians would rebel, quite forgetting that security is the best preventive of the desire for rebellion. These Bulgarians, according to all accounts, are perfectly quiet folks, addicted to making money, and in arming them the Government would not destroy the influence of its regular troops, or its own capacity to put down insurrection.

CUBAN RESTRICTIONS.—Paternal government as carried out in Cuba must be dreadfully inconvenient to those who experience its blessings. The Commanding General of the Jurisdiction of Remedios and Sancti Spiritus has lately issued the following order: "That every person who may have occasion to go to the country must have a special permit from the Government officials in addition to the usual documents. Nobody, not even an inhabitant of the most insignificant hamlet, is permitted to go further than gunshot distance from their house unless they previously inform and obtain the permission of the Government. Those who fail to comply will be arrested, and if proved that they have thrown away as much as a small piece of paper, will be severely punished." The issue of this circular, it is stated, is owing to the fact that the insurgents have spies and abettors in every town, village, and hamlet. In the meantime the rainy season and conclusion of the sugar harvest have put a stop for the moment to the burning of estates. The insurgents are said to be short of ammunition and other necessities, which makes many Spaniards believe that the insurrection will before long quietly die out.

NAVAL REFORMS.—The Naval Appropriation Bill passed at the last session of Congress directs the Secretary to organize a board of five commissioned officers of the Navy as soon as practicable, three of whom shall be the senior officers on the list, whose duty it shall be to examine fully and determine

whether in their opinion any of the navy-yards can be dispensed with and abandoned, and if so, to report the best manner of making disposition of the same; and further, to inquire as to the propriety of establishing a naval rendezvous at Tybee Island, or at Cocksport Island in the State of Georgia, or at any other point on the coast of Georgia or South Carolina, and whether any Government property at said islands can be made available for such purpose. Two thousand dollars were appropriated to defray the expenses incurred by the board, and they are to report to Congress through the Secretary of the Navy at the commencement of the next session. The three senior officers of this board will be Admiral Porter, Vice-Admiral Rowan, and Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis. The other two officers have not yet been designated by the Secretary of the Navy, but will before the 1st of October, by which time the board will be organized and proceed with the inquiry.

THE SIOUX WAR.—The campaign of Generals Crook and Terry against the Indians in the Yellowstone region seems to have come to a very lame and impotent conclusion. Sitting Bull, of all the American generals interested, appears to be the only one who has reason to congratulate himself upon the result. Our readers will remember that early in the Summer three columns of troops set out to drive Sitting Bull and the Sioux across the Missouri to their reservations. One column was checked in a skirmish on the headwaters of the Rosebud, and the cavalry of the northern division were led into a death-trap on the Little Big Horn and butchered like dogs. General Terry on the Yellowstone and General Crook at Goose Creek called for reinforcements, and after protracted delays effected a junction on the Rosebud. Then began a wild-goose chase after the Indians. The valleys of the Rosebud, the Tongue, and the Powder Rivers were ransacked, but no Indians were found. Sitting Bull and his entire force had quietly crossed the Yellowstone and gone north. Two regiments will be left in the valley during the Fall and Winter, and preparations will be made to resume operations against the Sioux early in the Spring. But it is hardly likely that the wily savages will suffer themselves again to be brought to bay in large force as they might have been this Summer had our preparations only been made more promptly. The opportunity has passed.

THE NEW LOAN.—The Treasury Department is preparing the bonds for the four-and-a-half per cent. loan. They are to be free from taxation of all kinds, the principal and interest will be paid in coin, and these conditions will be set forth on their face. The bonds first to be called for redemption in the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds are the five-twentieths of 1865, the interest on which is now payable in May and November, and of which there are now outstanding \$150,558,650. There are about \$34,000,000 of the registered five-twentieths, most of which are held in this country. The coupon bonds are for the most part held abroad, and are used very largely as collaterals in financial transactions in the money centres of Europe and at New York. They are frequently transported between Europe and New York, going to and fro as their value fluctuates on either side of the Atlantic. It is estimated that many of them are constantly in transit on the ocean between the two continents. Of the entire amount outstanding of this class of bonds, it is estimated that about fifty million dollars are held in this country. It is supposed the issue of the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds will have considerable influence on the quoted price of the five-twentieths subject to call, and perhaps upon the entire series of six per cent. bonds. The new bonds will be accepted by the United States Treasury as security for the circulation of national banks, and it is likely the banks will withdraw the bonds known as sixes of 1881, which now command a high price, realize a high premium, and replace them with the four and a half per cent. bonds.

THE WORTH OF A HERO.—Three pounds seven-teen! That is the price of a hero in these latter days—the amount subscribed for the widow and children of John Chiddy, an English laborer, who sacrificed his life the other day to prevent an awful accident. Is heroism, then, so cheap? Is the supply so much greater than the demand? Or is it that John Bull cannot recognize heroism in a muddy vesture of rustian, and in connection with anything so prosaic as a railway? John Chiddy was a quarryman on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. He saw a large block of stone on the track just before the train was due at a speed of fifty miles an hour. He removed it in time to save the train, but was himself caught in the act and killed on the spot. An appeal to the public in behalf of the family was answered by £3 17s. The railway company who had profited to the extent of thousands by Chiddy's bravery, have done nothing for him. Lord Elcho applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but there were no funds available for such purposes. On the same day the British Government paid £29,101 in commutation of a pension granted two centuries ago to a Dutch soldier of fortune who had gone to England to be killed. The nation has paid half a million in recognition of the Duke of Schomberg's services in being killed at the Battle of the Boyne, and John Chiddy's family is put off with £3 17s. It is not even in accordance with the dictates of an enlightened selfishness; and it is to be hoped that this is not the ultimate and final measure of admiration for heroism in humble life. The proverbial ingratitude of republics is out-matched in this case.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.—The King of Dahomey has invoked the protection of his gods against the British Commodore's ships. As his manner of doing so is somewhat curious, it may throw some light on the character of the African negro in his pristine purity to describe the process. An imitation of a ship in wood, executed according to the most elementary ideas of naval architecture, has been placed on a mound, and about 800 or 900 negroes have been paraded before it. A drink was then administered to each man, and, according to his attitude after imbibing, the chief priest decided

whether he was to be sold as a slave or offered up as a sacrifice to appease the gods. It would almost throw a doubt on the humanitarian wisdom which prompted the civilized nations of the world to abolish negro slavery to observe such grotesque cruelty incorporated in the political and social life of any order of men, no matter how brutalized and degraded they may happen to be. The life of a negro slave on a Southern plantation was, perhaps, at times, an undesirable fate in the olden days. Nevertheless, the most inconsiderate and selfish slaveholder must have seemed an angel of light as compared with an African king. It would never have occurred to the most insane white man to endeavor to penetrate the mysteries of futurity by observing how his slave drank, and then to offer him as a sacrifice if the draught was taken in an unsatisfactory manner. It may be, perhaps, a hopeless task to teach the grinning savage, called the King of Dahomey, any rational ideas of government or religion, but it seems a great pity that the vessels-of-war of all civilized nations are not invested with summary powers to redress all infringements of treaty arrangements without recourse to instructions from the respective home governments. Swift and instant punishment following crime with lightning rapidity is the only efficacious manner of imparting some notions of self-restraint and duty on blood-thirsty savages like the King of Dahomey.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JOHN L. ROUTT received the Republican nomination for Governor of the new State, Colorado.

AFTER several refusals, Mr. Finkelburg accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of Missouri.

ANOTHER delegation of French workmen reached New York on the 23d, en route to the Centennial Grounds.

JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD, ex-United States Senator from Kentucky, died at Bowling Green, on the 23d, aged eighty-six.

JUDGE SEDGWICK enjoined the Gilbert elevated Railroad Company from constructing its road on Sixth Avenue, New York City.

THE bi-centennial of King Phillip's death was celebrated by the Rhode Island Historical Society, on Mount Hope, on the 24th ult.

BISHOP MARVIN, of the M. E. Church, South, left St. Louis for a visit of ordination to the missionary field in Japan, China and India.

GENERAL TERRY reached the Yellowstone in pursuit of the Indians, who are supposed to have separated into small marauding bands.

EMORY STORRS, counsel for General Babcock in his late trial, was appointed by the President special counsel in the Chicago Whisky trials.

EX-GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN received the Republican nomination for Governor of the State of New York, and Senator S. S. Rogers, that for Lieutenant-Governor.

MRS. PAULINE WRIGHT DAVIS, a lady well known in connection with her efforts in behalf of the education and independence of women, died at Providence, R. I., on the 24th ult.

THE Board of Commissioners appointed by the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to effect a reunion, concluded its labors at Cape May, and submitted a report.

THE annual session of American Scientists was held in Buffalo, N. Y., last week, and Professor Huxley met with a flattering reception. Professor Newcombe was selected for President of the Association.

A CONTRACT was concluded on the 24th ult., between the Secretary of the Treasury and a syndicate of American and European bankers for the sale of the new four-and-a-half per cent. bonds, due in 1891.

IN the International rowing regatta on the Schuylkill, August 28th, a heat each was won by the Eureka, Yale, Columbia, Beaverwyck, Watkins, London, and Cambridge University (English) Clubs, in four-oared shells. The Dublin University crew were beaten by the Eureka of Newark, N. J. On the 29th the races were in single sculls.

Foreign.

MOROCCO refused further tribute to Turkey.

ANOTHER body of Spanish troops will be sent to Cuba at the end of September.

VERY fierce fighting occurred at Alexinatz, the Servians repulsing three severe assaults.

THE Powers agreed to request the Porte to accede to a suspension of hostilities.

GAMBETTA's constituents are urging him to resign his seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

SERBIA was invited to make peace by England, France, Italy, and the three Northern Powers.

A CONVOCATION of cardinals was sitting in Rome last week to consider the Papal electoral system.

THE French workmen who were sent to the Centennial Exposition were dined upon their return to Paris.

A POSSIBILITY is alleged of the occupation of the Serbian frontier and of Belgrade itself by an Austrian corps.

PARIS radicals are furious because Louis Napoleon received and accepted an invitation to dine with Queen Victoria.

THE Sublime Porte refused to consider the Greek note respecting Crete until the present war shall have terminated.

MR. DISRAELI made a farewell address to his constituents, who have returned him continuously to the House of Commons since 1847.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made that the French and German Ambassadors were satisfied with the reparation made by the Porte for the Salonica outrage.

PRINCE MILAN of Serbia held a conference with the foreign consuls, and declared his readiness to conclude peace on the basis of the ante-bellum States.

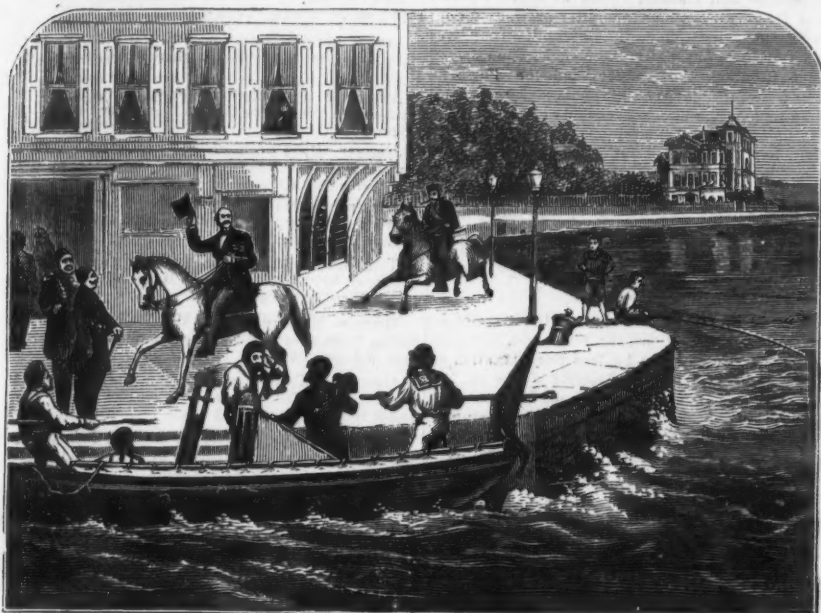
THE King of Dahomey has confined all the Europeans at Whykall in their houses, and threatens to massacre them. Great Britain is about interfering.

AN alleged Russian alliance with France for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine is said to have been frustrated by the resolute attitude of the Republican leaders in Paris.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 7.



TURKEY.—MONTENEGRINS EMBARKING AT CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THEIR OWN COUNTRY.



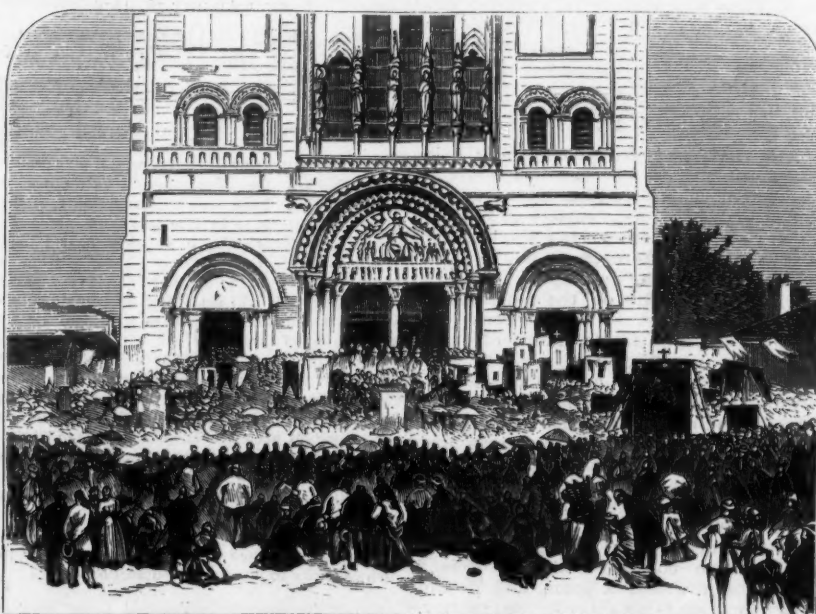
TURKEY.—MEETING OF AMBASSADORS AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA, ON THE BOSPHORUS.



TURKEY.—BARRACKS OF THE BASHI-BAZOUKS, AT ADRIANOPLE.



FRANCE.—CASTING A LENS FOR THE TELESCOPE OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.



FRANCE.—PRESENTATION OF RELICS OF MARY MAGDALENE TO THE ABBEY OF VEZELAY.



TURKEY.—BULGARIAN REFUGEES AT THE SERBIAN HEADQUARTERS, PARAJIN.



TURKEY.—ENLISTING SERBIAN SOLDIERS AT BELGRADE.

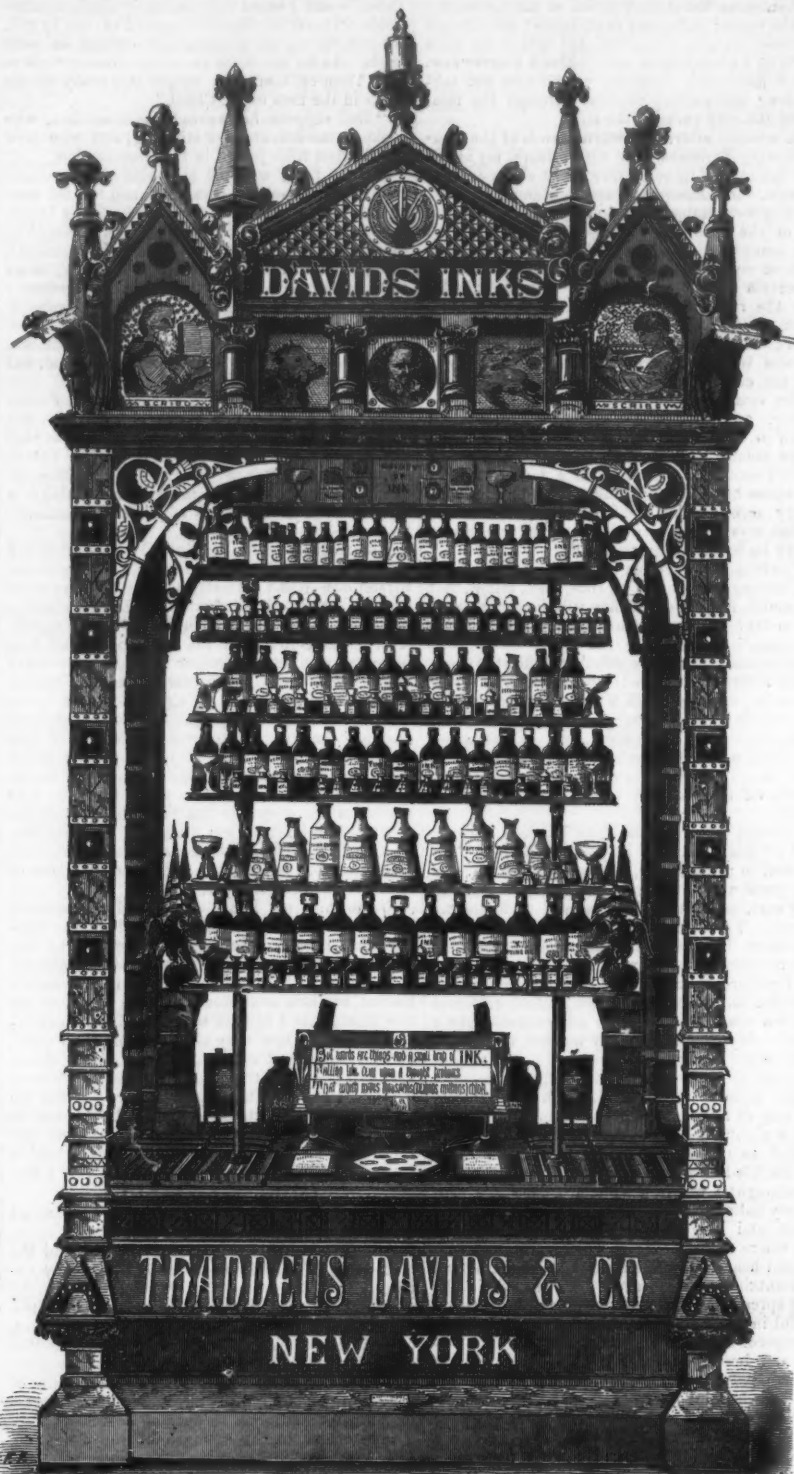
A CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT.

THE EXHIBIT OF THADDEUS DAVIDS & CO.,
IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

THE Gothic show case for the display of the ink, mastic, sealing-wax, wafers, etc., manufactured by Messrs. Thaddeus Davids & Co., of New York, in the Main Exhibition Building, is probably not equalled at the great International Exhibition. Throughout, it is suggestive of the uses of ink. The dimensions are 3 ft. by 6 ft., and 12 ft. in height. It is constructed of native woods, enriched with wrought brass, highly polished. The exterior is of black walnut and cherry, and the interior of bird's-eye maple, all highly polished and richly embellished with gold-plated mountings. On the base, which is massive, rest four square columns, supporting the upper part of the case, which is divided by three gables, with handsomely carved crockets and finials. On each of the four topmost corners of the case a griffin, hand-carved in black walnut, looks down from its lofty perch, holding in its mouth a gold quill-pen. Graceful little columns, with carved capitals and green veneered shafts, support the gables and pinnacles dividing the space on the front and rear into five panels each. In the centre gable-shaft are the words "Davids' Inks," in polished gold-plated letters, on an ebony ground. Above this is a circular panel, with a finely executed painting of a medieval ink-stand and pens. Under the words "Davids' Inks" are three panels, the centre one of which contains the likeness of Thaddeus Davids, Senior, member of the firm, with symbolical figures on the panels on either side. The panels are beautifully painted in oil colors, in harmony with the case. On each of the two highest centre finials which adorn this exquisite specimen of man's handiwork is a bottle made of hard wood, and very highly polished, probably one of the best imitations of glass ever made in wood, each having upon it the name and label of the proprietors. The plain surface of the upper members of the base are ebonyized, and on them are inscribed in large gold-plated letters the firm name—Thaddeus Davids & Co., New York. This case is inclosed with plate-glass. The interior has gold-plated standards supporting seven shelves of highly polished bird's-eye maple to hold the inks and other articles which this firm exhibit. In order to obtain all the light possible, two fine corrugated plates of glass are inserted in the top, arranged in slanting positions, similar to the gable-ends of a house, and in perfect accord with its other appointments.

The case was constructed by the well-known builders, Messrs. Wm. H. Kirk & Co., of Newark, N. J., who also accompanied it during its transportation to Philadelphia, and had it safely deposited upon its allotted space in the Main Building. The exhibit of Messrs. Thaddeus Davids & Co., consists of their various writing inks, mastic, wafers, lawyers' seals, pounce and ink powders, tastefully arranged upon the shelves, while the floor space is occupied as follows.

In the centre and front, neatly ensconced in a bed of blue satin, in a Russia leather case, are seven silver and bronze medals, that have been awarded this firm at former exhibitions. Immediately to the right and left of these are fac-similes of a test of ink made by the late eminent chemist, James R. Chilton, M. D., in which the inks of this firm showed an immeasurable superiority over all others. Back of the medals and fac-similes of the test is a verse of Byron painted in black letters, upon a gold ground, and mounted in a handsomely ornamented green veneered frame of hard wood, supported upon two large gold quill-pens, each of which stands in an inkstand. On either side of the frame is painted a representative ink-stand and pens of the Middle Ages, to conform to the style of the case, while above and below are figures representing that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Back of this are arranged some of the gallon and half-gallon jugs of writing fluid and black writing ink manufactured by this house, together with copies of "The History of Ink," bound in cloth and gold, compiled by the senior member of this firm. The above described articles fill the centre of the floor space of the case from front to rear; on either side of these are arranged eighteen different colors of sealing wax, bringing and blending together all the colors of the rainbow in beautiful contrast, while towering above all, are tall wax columns, supporting globes on which stand eagles, like sentinels on duty, with bright silk United States flags on spear-headed standards, crossed behind them, thus representing America as the defender of liberty, the home for the oppressed from all parts of the world, the abode of genius, the greatest nation



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—WRITING-INK EXHIBIT OF THADDEUS DAVIDS & CO., OF NEW YORK, IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

upon earth. New York may well be proud of this exhibit by one of her oldest firms—it is, as an exchange aptly remarks, "superb." Mr. Davids, Sr., began the manufacture of writing inks in the city of New York in the year 1824, and for more than half a

century has devoted his time and energies to produce an ink that combines all the rare qualities necessary to constitute a perfect writing fluid. Nearly all inks are deficient in one or more of the following qualities: permanence, freedom of flow,

smoothness, and distinctness of color at the outset. The Thaddeus Davids & Co.'s writing inks possess all these important merits, and stand pre-eminent and unsurpassed by any other manufacture. They were once subjected to a memorable test, extending through a period of more than five months, in competition with the other best American and European writing inks, and during that period were the only inks which successfully resisted the action of the sun, wind, rain and snow. They long since received and yet retain the palm of superiority in public favor and extent of sale.

The extensive warehouse at 127 and 129 William Street has a storage capacity of more than 20,000 square feet in area. The firm have also two perfectly equipped factories at New Rochelle, N. Y.

The goods sold, only at wholesale, are shipped to all parts of the world, noticeably to the Spanish-speaking countries, the Messrs. Davids, with characteristic enterprise, putting up their goods with Spanish labels to supply this branch of their trade. They make no so-called "cheap inks"; their label is a sure guarantee of none but the best quality of goods.

The present firm consists of the original proprietor and founder of the house, Thaddeus Davids, and his three sons, George W. Davids, David F. Davids, and John B. Davids, all wide-awake business men, keenly alive to everything that tends to place them at the head of this important branch of industry.

The Wealth of English Land Holders.

WHATEVER else is uncertain about the position of English landlords, this one fact is certain: Seven hundred and ten individuals own more than a fourth of the soil of England and Wales, exclusive of lakes, roads, rivers, London, waste spaces, and Crown property, and within a fraction of a fourth of the entire geographical area of the country. And these 710 own also, immediately or in reversion, one-seventh of the entire rental of the kingdom, a proportion which, if London could be included, would be very greatly increased. This is exclusive, be it remembered, of almost all mineral property, which in 1873 was not rated to the poor. Mr. Bright was undoubtedly wrong in believing that Englishmen have been divorced from the soil, for a million heads of families are freeholders, 269,000 own more than an acre, and 43,000 possess more than 100 acres; but he was undoubtedly right in believing that a most limited number of gentlemen—less than the congregation of an ordinary London chapel-of-ease—less by 300 than the Members of Parliament in both Houses—wield still an enormous territorial and political influence. They own a fourth of the kingdom,—more, probably, than the same class possess in any country in Europe, unless it be Hungary or Bohemia. The English monasteries, when they were suppressed, had not a third, and the nobles of France, many thousands in number when the Revolution broke out, had only one-twelfth more. And, be it remembered, their acreage is not barren land, like the acreage of the Duke of Sutherland, or many other Scotch landlords. Scarcely any derive less than a pound an acre a year from their estates, and in the entire list there has been found but one man who owns a really grand acreage of desert. Mr. John B. Bowes, of Streatham Castle in the North Riding, has 48,887 acres in that Riding, yielding only £5,280 a year, besides, of course, other property elsewhere; but even he, if he is wise, will cling to those acres of barren moorland, or hill-side, or marsh, under all temptations, for the next half-century. Even if he has no minerals, population and railways and towns and wealth will roll his way at last, and we venture to record the prediction that the possessor of his estate in 1925 will derive from it a clear rental of £50,000 a year. And there is nothing on earth—we doubt if in the history of the world there ever has been anything—like the position of the Englishman who owns 20,000 acres and can extract from them even a pound an acre. Rich, secure, and treated with a deference that nothing but crime can disturb, civilization may, in one sense, be said to exist for them, for it is for them, first of all, that its treasures are poured out. They can live lives of political strife, or intellectual excitement, or supreme personal luxury at discretion, can know all men, collect all things, and, greatest boon of all, live absolutely their own lives, without reproach or fear of society, or dread of coming change. Nobles in other ages have held as much in proportion, but their lives were threatened by emperors, by slaves, or by rivals, till existence was one long study of defensive arts. The English territorialist is as safe in his home as a king in his capital, and, if he has no slaves, can secure service from agents, whose power, as compared with that of slaves, is limitless; can realize his will without effort, though his will, as the Hindoos say, be to purchase tigers' claws—quite a common article of trade in London and Paris just now, or even, we hear, as articles de luxe, a little passé.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE MISSOURI STATE BUILDING ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE DELAWARE STATE BUILDING ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.

HIS MESSENGER.

MARJORIE, with the waiting face,
Marjorie, with the pale-brown hair,
She sits and sews in the silent place,
She counts the steps on the outer stair.
Two, three, four—they pass her door,
The patient face droops low again,
Still it is as it was before—
Oh! will he come indeed no more,
And are her prayers all prayed in vain?

Through the warm and the winter night,
Marjorie with the wistful eyes,
She keeps her lonely lamp alight
Until the stars are dim in the skies.
Through the gray and the shining day
Her pallid fingers, swift and slim,
Set their stitches, nor one astray,
Though her heart it is far away,
Over the Summer seas with him.

Over the distant Summer seas
Marjorie's yearning fancies fly;
She feels the kiss of the island breeze,
She sees the blue of the tropic sky.
Does she know as they come and go,
Those waves that lap the island shore,
That under their ceaseless ebb and flow
Golden locks float to and fro—
Tangled locks she will comb no more?

Many a hopeless hope she keeps,
Marjorie with the aching heart;
Sometimes she smiles, and sometimes she weeps,
At thoughts that all unbidden start.
Can she see what the end will be?
Some day when the Master sends for her,
A voice she knows will say joyfully,
"God is waiting for Marjorie!"
And her lover will be His messenger!

THE GREEN COFFEE CUP.

SHELLS were flying fast. Heralded by the hoarse scream that we in besieged Paris had learned to know so well, the hurtling masses of iron tore their way through the air, each on its errand of destruction. The dull, sullen roar of the enemy's cannon made itself heard even above the din of the exploding missiles and the thundering down of shattered masonry. There were few passengers in the streets, swept as they were by that iron hail from the Prussian batteries. It was at the very hottest of the bombardment, and I, then doing volunteer duty under the Red Cross, was, after a day's work at the ambulance, wending my way home. At the corner of the Rue Valgueneuse, I observed a tall and beautiful girl—a lady, evidently, and English, as I conjectured—in the act of crossing the street. Then came the scream, the whizz, and the roar of a bursting shell, and next a cry of horror from the few spectators, as we saw the English girl stretched on the ground, to all appearance lifeless. We lifted her from where she lay, helpless, on the rough pavement, and carried her to a spot more sheltered from the fire of the besiegers. She was not dead. A splinter had grazed the left temple, leaving a slight crimson stain on her glossy hair and pale cheek, and she had been stunned by the blow. Luckily, her name and address were inscribed in a little portfolio of water-color sketches that she carried, and which one of the women picked up as it lay on the paving-stones.

"Maud Neville," was the name, and the address, "37 Rue Montchagrin."

A light litter was hastily constructed of some of the broken rafters of ruined houses that encumbered the streets, and, for a bribe of a couple of napoleons, I induced two of the bloused workmen present to aid me in conveying Miss Neville to her home, which was in the distant suburb of Les Ternes. There her widowed mother, weeping tears of joy over her recovered treasure—for Maud was an only child—overpaid me with her grateful thanks and blessings for the trifling service which chance had enabled me to render to her daughter. The doctor who was called in gave a good report of his patient; but what could I do but come, next day, to the Rue Montchagrin, to inquire after Miss Neville?

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into intimacy. I had never met with ladies more refined, or with a household where narrow means were more gracefully coped with, than on that fourth floor of a quaint Parisian house. I presently found out that Colonel Neville had known my own father, Sir Armine Brackenbury. The colonel was dead now, however, and some bubble speculation, in which he had invested his wife's fortune, had proved the ruin of the family. Mrs. Neville, as she unaffectedly told me, gave lessons in music; and on her earnings, and the produce of Maud's sketches, mother and daughter now lived. But Paris, during the siege, was frightfully dear, while few of the wealthy who remained there cared to learn music or to buy drawings.

Poor as my new friends were, they had never learned to steel their hearts against those who were poorer still; and among their pensioners was a brown, ragged, little Italian boy, who might have been twin brother to one of Murillo's urchins. Little Giacomo's padrone had run away, and the crop of halfpence dwindled to nothing; and Giacomo, and his monkey, too, might have died of sheer hunger, but for Maud. The little fellow was the "signorina's" chief model and devoted slave, and when not munching his crusts, or capering about the courtyard, was sure to be asleep in a sunny corner, the monkey crouched beside him, its little weird face looking unutterably old, sage and solemn, as it watched over its master's slumbers.

Then it came about that I fell in love with Maud, and that my love was returned, and that Mrs. Neville's consent was given, and only that of my father was needed. Towards this time, the armistice opened the long-sealed gates of Paris, letters passed freely, and trade partially revived. Then came Sir Armine's answer—a cold, measured, courteous refusal—coupled with a guarded reminder that the property was unentailed; that it behoved me to "marry money," so as to pay off certain mortgages; and that such a marriage as I had suggested was absurdly out of the question. Then, too, Mrs. Neville showed that she could be proud. She resented my father's decision; the engagement was broken off; and Maud and I saw each other no longer.

Then came the stormy period of the Commune, and the second siege, and next, peace; but through all these changes I lingered still within the walls of Paris, I hardly know why. Maud I never saw. I led a lonely life, shunning my friends; and taking long and solitary rambles through the most out-of-the-way parts of the city.

On a sunny afternoon, when crowds of the pleasure-loving Parisians were out of doors, my attention was excited by some rare green china exposed for sale, amid Moorish weapons, Roman bronzes, and mediæval stained glass, at a curiosity-shop, on one of the shabbier boulevards. I had always been somewhat of a collector, within the modest limits of my purse, and knew enough of china to be certain that this was really antique Sèvres, from the royal manufactory, and that the date, which was that of one of the latter years of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, was genuine. The price, too, was temptingly low. My apprehension was that the cups, authentic enough, were damaged articles vamped up for sale, with false glaze, and refring, and transparent cement—artifices well known to the trade.

The master of the shop, a stout-built Jew—whose French was spoken with a foreign accent, and whose hawk's eyes I caught regarding, as with hungry scrutiny, my gold watchguard, and the jeweled toys dangling from it—smiled greasily as though he had read my thoughts.

"Taste a sip of coffee from one of these," he said, bowing; "you will be sure, then, milord, that it is sound, if your excellency will honor the poor Jew so far? Ah, monsieur, I will not detain you a moment."

A good many moments elapsed, and then the shop-keeper returned, followed by a black-eyed young Jewess of fourteen, with a brass tray, on which were a coffee-pot and a sugar-bowl. My host selected, apparently at random, one of the green cups, into which the girl poured the coffee. I tasted it. It seemed very nice and very strong. I drank off the rest, and turned to complete the bargain.

"Agreed, then, for the four hundred francs," said I; "and if you will be good enough—"

When, to my surprise, my voice failed me; my knees grew weak; there was a strange humming in my ears, and a red cloud seemed to flit before my eyes. Through the cloud I dimly saw one, two, three, hooked-nose faces appear from the inner recesses of the shop.

"If you are ill, monsieur," said the Jew, rudely, "you had better repose yourself." And he forced me down upon a low sofa, partly concealed by a curtain. My head had hardly touched the frowny pillow before I sank into a deep and heavy stupor. How long this endured I cannot tell, but presently I found myself wandering through the ghostly panorama of a strangely-vivid dream. Many and many a night since then has that terrible dream recurred to me in broken fragments, but never with the life-like reality of its first presentation.

Methought I was in a Roman palace, the vast, shadowy halls of which gleamed with marbles, and gilding, and rare treasures from the plundered East, where dusky slaves, in white tunics and with turbaned heads, moved noiselessly to and fro; and the fountains that splashed and tinkled in the courts spread coolness and perfume around them, grateful in the sultry heat. At the gate watched the emperor's guards. I could see their lofty helmets and breastplates inlaid with gold. I was myself a patrician, doubtless, for my white robe and white buskins were edged with the privileged purple, while near me were other patricians, and men in homelier garb, who came, and went, and whispered with pale faces and trembling lips.

And I knew that there was a conspiracy, and that I was one of those who had conspired against the tyrant to whom belonged all these splendors. Caesar was to die, and to die by poison. Already the bribed cup-bearer, perhaps, had poured the poison into his wine, and, despite his legions and his pomp, the lord of Rome might be writhing in the agonies of—What is this? Why, I am poisoned; but surely there has been some mistake on the part of those who administered the fatal draught, for this is one of those which stupefy—not kill. Yes, I am drugged—horrified with some vile stuff against which I feel my brain, my pulses, my very life itself fighting in all the earnest instinct of self-preservation. The frescoed walls and marble pavements of the Roman palace fade away. Gone are the ivory couches; the black slaves, wielding fans of peacocks' feathers to cool the hot air of Summer; the gilded arms of the prætorians at the gate. I am lying on the squalid sofa in the inner part of the curiosity-shop, too weak to stir, too weak to speak, and the conversation of men talking near me begins to force itself upon my still drowsy ear.

"Why not burn it?" said some one, speaking in a thick, husky voice, and very low.

"We lit the furnace on purpose to melt down that plate which Escarboucle and Spiderarms, boasters that they are, promised to bring in from the Marais; and now the good charcoal is wasting. What is hot enough for such a lump of silver would make short work of a Gentile's carcass."

"No, no," answered another voice, which I now recognized as that of the owner of the shop. "There would be stains on the kitchen-floor. Besides, some bones always remain to tell tales. Better keep it by us until we can open the grating, unperceived, and so drop it into the water and let it float to the Seine. Once there, none will connect us with the Englishman's disappearance."

"The Englishman!" It came creeping in upon my enfeebled mind that I was the Englishman in question—that I was the victim with respect to the disposal of whose remains this cool discussion, such as butchers might have held over a slaughtered calf, was going on. I remembered the greedy scrutiny with which the dealer in curiosities had scanned the trinkets rattling on my watchchain, and had no doubt but that he had purposely entrapped me for the satisfaction of his base cupidity.

"Melchior is right," chimed in a thin, reedy voice, which I conjectured to be that of an old man—"quite right. Water is safer than fire, my lads. Has any one searched yet in the milord's pockets?"

"Yes," answered the master of the shop. "Here is the purse, which is tolerably well lined, though

these"—and I heard the rustling of English bank-notes—"must be carefully disposed of, one by one, for fear the numbers should be entered in some book. As for the studs and rings, time enough to take them off him when we get him ready for his swim in the nets of St. Cloud."

"But suppose he wakes?" said another, who spoke in the accents of a stripling, and who now for the first time joined in the conversation.

"He'll never wake on this side of Gehenna!" said the first speaker, savagely; and the old man acknowledged the words with a chuckling laugh. "Best make sure—best make sure, my dears," he said, in his thin, cackling voice. "Never leave a thing to chance. Once, when I was young, as we were putting one of them away in Amsterdam—ay, and he was English, too; a sailor—I remember we thought him dead, but he cried out twice, when he touched the cold water of the canal, and tried to scramble up the slippery side; and, but for Yosef and his crowbar—"

"Oh, cut short your long-winded yarns, Father Zaak," rudely interrupted the surly fellow who had first spoken; "I'll be bound to find a crowbar that shall prove as deft at skull-cracking as ever Yosef's was; and, when they take the milord to the Morgue, the hurt on the head will be laid on the keel of a barge, or the paddle-wheel of a Seine steamer—ho, ho!"

The mention of Amsterdam solved what, to my still dulled mind, had hitherto been somewhat mysterious. I had perfectly understood every word of what I had overheard, and yet the conversation had been couched neither in French nor English. Yes, it was Dutch that the men spoke, and that language was pretty familiar to me, since when a youth I had studied, for a year, at the once famous University of Leyden. By a great exertion I contrived to raise my heavy eyelids a little, and could see that the group conversing consisted of four persons, all with marked features of the Hebrew type; though one had a long, ragged, gray beard, and one was not over sixteen years of age. The master of the shop was the third member of the party, and the fourth was a stout-built, truculent-looking fellow, clearly the amiable person who had suggested that I should be got rid of by means of the silver-melting furnace.

Up to this time I had understood well enough what was said, but now they carried on the conversation in a jargon incomprehensible to me, French, Dutch, and what I took for the corrupt Hebrew, or, rather, Chaldaic, which is more or less known to their scattered race, and of which the few words that I caught seemed to have no reference to me. Then they all rose from their seats, and my heart throbbed fast, for, between my closed eyelids I could see that the stout Jew, the fiercest of the gang, was standing over me. I was too weak to rise and struggle, should he proceed to put into practice his murderous intentions, nor could I even call aloud. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief scarcely to be realized that I saw Melchior draw him away, saying:

"No, no! After dark, I tell you! I won't have the job done till then."

And then came the shuffling of feet and the muttering of voices, as that evil company departed.

Although my bodily weakness was still extreme, my mind was gradually and surely growing clearer, as my brain shook off the effects of the potion that as yet benumbed my limbs. The Jews were gone. Melchior and his accomplices, no doubt, considered me to be as assured a prey as the fly that is enveloped in the glutinous threads of a spider's web. They confided in the strength of the drug, and had left no guard over me; for I was the only tenant of the shop, lying, as I did, in a darkling nook, half-hidden by a curtain. It is probable that the villains had miscalculated the power of the narcotic, and that an overdose, as often happens, had saved my life by exciting, instead of stupefying, the nerves.

But what was I to do? In vain I tried to rise. In vain I moved my dry lips and strove to speak. I could not. My languid head fell back, powerless, on the frowny pillow of the sofa. Oh! it was an agony beyond words that I endured, as, helpless, speechless, I could see afar off the sunny boulevard with its gay groups of loungers, and knew that a summons would bring a hundred rescuers to my aid. Yet the summons remained unuttered, and the promenaders passed on, unconscious; and there I lay, like a sheep at the shambles, waiting, passively, till it should be dark, and my kidnappers find it convenient to complete their work.

There is a point at which mental agony, as there is a point at which physical pain, seems to come to a dull, dead stop. Torture cannot be pushed beyond a certain limit; and what has disappointed ingenious tyranny in the case of the infliction of bodily suffering, since first despotic cruelty began to work its will, is true of those less material pangs that affect our moral nature. My mind, long kept upon the rack, became apathetic at last. I began to grow indifferent to the fate that awaited me. Die I must; and I found myself able to await the approach of night, and the return of the murderers, with a stolid equanimity that would have done credit to a Stoic.

I could understand, now, for the first time, those old stories of the American forest or prairie, in which Indian prisoners, enduring protracted tortments at their captors' hands, had refused the opportunity of escape which some white man's compassion afforded, and remained, inert and uncomplaining, to perish by inches, as it were, at the stake.

I found myself philosophically meditating on the death I was to die, and the subsequent proceedings of the assassins. No doubt there was, near the shop, some one of those subterranean channels of running water, which connects with the immense sewers with the outfalls into the Seine. It was but, with crow and lever, to lift a heavy iron grating, and then there would be a fall and a splash—

Would the villains in whose toils I was ever expiate their guilt, I felt myself marveling, with a kind of lazy wonder, beneath the keen cooper of the guillotine, or in clanking irons and the yellow serge of the galley-slave? Perhaps not. Perhaps my murder might be added to the list of undetected crimes, that are as a blot on our vaunted

civilization. The hoary old sinner who had cackled out his reminiscences of the "putting away" of an English sailor some fifty years ago, had kept his rascal neck from the hangman's touch hitherto.

By what ill-starred influence had I wandered, like a silly sheep that strays into the very jaws of the wolf, into that den of thieves? Probably the shop itself was but a blind for the unlawful commerce it covered, and the foreign Jews, receivers of plunder, and, at need, plunderers themselves, did not expect or desire legitimate custom. Most likely they had made Holland too hot to hold them; and, when they had exhausted the rich mine of Paris, would try other hunting-grounds, in London, Frankfurt, or Warsaw, perchance; until one day Nemesis, in the shape of a detective officer, should tap them on the shoulder.

The Morgue! Yes. The scoundrel spoke truth. Dragged from the nets of St. Cloud, with the mud and water-weed clinging to my dank hair and dripping garments, I should be laid out on those wet stones, to be stared at by the curious, until, at last, the wail should be recognised. Foul play would be suspected, not proved. The name of Arthur Blackenbury would appear in the death-list of the London papers, and a few good fellows would be sorry, for a few minutes, as they puffed out their cigar-smoke after dinner, and spoke of "poor Arthur." But Maud—

The remembrance of Maud Neville seemed to give me a little strength. I raised my head, and made a feeble effort to rise to my feet; but I might as well have tried to lift the granite obelisk in the Place de la Concorde; and I sank back, groaning. Over my limbs a baleful drug yet asserted its power, while my brain was quite clear, and my perceptions acute. Ha! Some one was entering the shop, from the open door that led to the boulevard—a customer, perhaps? Could I but appeal to such a one, I might yet be saved. But the figure halted, hesitatingly, in the doorway. It was that of a boy—a ragged, picturesque little fellow—with a hurdy-gurdy slung on his back, and a monkey nestling and gibbering beneath the shelter of his brown jacket.

"Carita, signora! A little charity for the poverino from abroad!" said the boy, with outstretched hand; and then, meeting with no response, seemed about to turn and leave the apparently empty shop.

I knew the face and the voice. It was Maud's model and favorite, little Giacomo. Could I but enlist him in my cause, all might yet be well. But my voice failed me. In agony I strained every nerve in the effort to speak. The boy was stepping across the threshold.

"Giacomo!" Very weak and hollow, to my own senses, was the sound of my voice. It fell on the boy's quick ear, and he started.

"Who calls?" asked Giacomo, in Italian. I could but repeat his name feebly. He advanced, peering into the comparative darkness of the shop, and soon caught sight of me.

"Excellent!" he cried, his dark eyes flashing fifty questions at once; "you ill!"

There was no time to lose. At any moment, one of the Jews, hearing the sound of voices in the shop, might enter, and then the boy would be driven forth, and my last hope of succor gone.

"Stoop down your ear, Giacomo, for the signorina's sake," I said, gasping; and when the boy bent over me I managed, in faltering accents, to communicate how it was with me, and in what bitter and deadly peril I was.

"Go to Mrs. Neville—to Miss Maud," I said; "the police will hearken to them, while if you—"

"Right, excellency!" exclaimed the boy, showing his white teeth. "Nobody but Miss Maud! believe little Italian beggar-boy. Keep courage, caro signore; Giacomo not let English gentleman be murdered by those hounds of hell."

He was gone, and I could catch the quick patter of his active feet upon the pavement. Giacomo had always liked me, partly for some kindness I had shown him, but more for the sake of his dear patroness. He was a sharp-witted urchin. Would he reach Maud in time?

Ah! but the daylight waned, and my heart sank within me, as I remembered the chapter of accidents, and how many chances might prevent the boy's finding Miss Neville, or Miss Neville's being immediately able to induce the authorities to listen to the boy's story. Yes, the daylight waned. Even the ticking of the tall clock that stood near me sounded ominously and unnaturally loud as it recorded the flight of one moment after another, each beat of the pendulum bringing nearer and nearer the fatal instant when the assassins should return. An hour, and yet half an hour, passed slowly by. The lamps were twinkling on the half-deserted boulevard. Then I heard a heavy tread, the creaking of a door, a murmur of conversation.

"Time to shut up shop, and tap yonder cask, eh?" said a brutal voice that I well knew—that of the sturdy, low-browed fellow who was foremost in the plot.

"Not yet. To close the shutters before the usual hour might attract notice," answered Melchior, cautiously. "In twenty minutes we will."

Twenty minutes! Was that all the time that I had, then, to live? It seemed but too probable. Giacomo's mission had doubtless proved a failure. I was too feeble to offer resistance, and my remonstrances would, I knew, speedily be silenced for ever. Even bribery would be useless in such a case. Dead men tell no tales. How unpitifully did the tall clock tick on!

The time was at an end. Melchior, aided by the lad, was putting up the shutters. The windows were now darkened. It only remained to close the door.

"Now, to make certain of sleepy-head here!" growled the sturdy Jew, drawing near, and swaying in his powerful hand something heavy.

"Let Melchior fasten the door first, my son!" piped out the old man.

As Melchior tried to close the door, some one opposed the action. A man in a rough pea-coat, with his collar raised and hat slouched over his face pushed his way into the shop.

"Peste, bourgeois, you're in a hurry to be off to the theatre," said the new-comer, "that you

slam your door against customers in that way—*hein?*

"What goods might you wish to buy?" asked Melchior, in a voice that trembled, do what he would.

"Let us look about us a bit first," said the man in the pea-coat, with a quiet irony in his tone, that made the others uneasy. "One of you, I see, seems to have had a drop too much. You are trying to sober him, eh?"

"The gentleman is ill!" stammered Melchior, with white lips. The stout-built Jew muttered a curse.

"Ay, but you'll not cure his headache with a hammer or a crowbar, will you, comrade?" demanded the intruder, mockingly, and then he whistled shrilly.

"Come in, *vous autres?*" he cried; and the shop was filled in a moment by gendarmes and agents of police; and in the twinkling of an eye, after a brief and fruitless struggle, the four miscreants were overpowered and secured.

"Now that we have put bracelets on the wrists of these braves gens, said the sub-commissary, opening his coat and showing the tricolor scarf beneath, "may I ask you, monsieur—"

But now my overwrought brain gave way, and I remember nothing more until I found myself lying in bed, very weak, haggard, and hollow-eyed. Who was that sitting by me? Surely it was Mrs. Neville.

"You have been ill for a long time!" she said, kindly—"a long time, but you are out of danger now, and—so the doctor says—may hear good news."

Two more figures beside the bed. One is that of Maud. The other—I can hardly believe my eyes—is that of my father, Sir Armine. He smiles upon me with a kinder and a more softened expression in his face than I had ever seen there, and places, without a word, Maud's hand in mine.

Sir Armine Brackenbury's crust of worldliness had given way at last; and on hearing that to Maud's promptitude and urgent entreaties to the authorities my life was due, my father had hurried to Paris, formally to ask Miss Neville's hand in marriage for his son.

The Jews, to whom many crimes were brought home, are, I believe, working out a life-long sentence at Lambetta.

Giacomo, in comparative competence, has been restored to his native country, and I have for three years been Maud's happy husband.

A Psychological Phenomenon.

A CURIOUS psychological phenomenon has been reported by a medical man in Bordeaux. A woman, Felida X., has for sixteen years been undergoing an alteration of memory, which has all the appearance of a doubling of life. There is amnesia, or loss of memory, with regard to periods of variable duration, which have gradually been enlarging. The memory, passing over these second states, connects together all the periods of the normal state, so that Felida has, as it were, two existences—the one ordinary, composed of all the periods of the normal state connected by memory; the other secondary, comprising all the periods of the two states—that is, the whole life. The forgetfulness is complete and absolute, but refers only to what has happened during the second condition; it affects neither anterior notions nor general ideas. Besides amnesia, Felida manifests, in the periods of attack of the malady, changes in character and sentiments. The alteration of memory and accompanying phenomena have for cause (the author says) a diminution in the quantity of blood conveyed to the part of the brain, still unknown, where memory is localized. The momentary contraction of vessels, which is the instrument of this diminution, is caused by the state of hysteria.

A New Way to Lose Money.

A SHORT time ago a Frenchman, recently arrived in this country from Paris, introduced in New York a gambling game hitherto unknown here, but which has long been played in the French capital. It is called "Les Courses," and is intended to represent a racecourse and draw out the enthusiasm for betting which is seen on a real racecourse. The Frenchman had one table constructed at a cost of \$1,500. It is a square table of oak, about four and a half feet from the ground, and six and a half feet square. It is elegantly finished, and is a handsome specimen of cabinet-work. On the top of this table are eight concentric circular grooves, in each of which is a metal horse, supported on a metal rod, each horse having a richly dressed jockey. At four places in each circle is a bronze arch which represents a quarter or a half-mile post. To each of the horses is given a name, after famous racers. Pools are sold on each of the horses, as for a real race, and tickets are given to the purchasers, the money received being placed upon a receptacle in the centre of the table, covered with green cloth and supported on four posts. The bets having been completed, by the touching of a lever the horses are brought to the score, after which a crank is slowly turned, which sets them in motion, and they start off neck-and-neck. The crank is gradually turned faster and faster, and with the increased motion of the crank, the speed of the horse is also increased. The crank is then removed, but the horses continue in motion, and by the aid of some ingenious machinery in the body of the table, pass each other, fall behind, catch up, and simulate exactly the performances at a real race. Sometimes they arrive at the goal neck-and-neck, and again, as is not infrequently in actual life, the favorite comes in last. The whole game is remarkably ingenious, being exciting, and is said to be fairly conducted, while the facilities for losing money at it are as great as those enjoyed at Jerome Park, Long Branch, or Saratoga.

The Latest Telegraphic Wonder.

THE Boston *Traveler*, of July 18th, says that its readers have been made acquainted with the wonderful inventions of Professor Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wires, but few, if any, are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Professor Bell was in communication with a telegraphic operator in New York, and commenced experimenting with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical sounds. He made use of his phonetic organ, and played the tune of "America," and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York.

"Give us another,"

Professor Bell then played "Auld Lang Syne."

"What do you hear now?"

"I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with full chords, distinctly," replied New York.

Thus, the astounding discovery has been made

that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans, London or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why cannot distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris, and an audience assembled in Music Hall, Boston, to listen?

Professor Bell's other improvements, namely, the transmission of the human voice, has become so far perfected that persons have conversed over one thousand miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent over the wire, and so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing, the voices of each can be recognized, we may soon have distinguished men delivering addresses in Washington, New York or London, and audiences assembled in Music Hall or Faneuil Hall to listen!

Disposition of the Jews in Europe.

JERUSALEM does not contain more than eight or nine thousand Jews, and that race is rather more numerous in North Africa than in Judea. There are scarcely any Jews in Italy or Spain, and in Great Britain they do not form more than one in a thousand of the inhabitants. In France they are in the proportion of four to a thousand of the whole population, but this comparatively high proportion is due to the fact that the Jews are very numerous in the departments on the German frontier.

In the annexed provinces of Alsace-Lorraine the Jews number 40,928 out of a total population of a million and a half, while in Switzerland there are only 7,087 Jews to a total population of more than two millions and a half. Germany, including the Polish provinces and Alsace-Lorraine, contains no more than 512,160 Jews; while in Austria they number 1,376,000, or 3.8 per centum of the whole population. Nearly a third of the Austrian Jews inhabit the province of Galicia, where they form nearly an eighth of the whole population, and where, at the rate of increase observed during the last twenty years, they will eventually be in an absolute majority.

The sixty-three million inhabitants of Russian Europe comprise 1,500,000 Jews, who, until the recent decrees authorizing them to reside in any part of the empire, were confined to certain districts in Southern Russia, to Courland and the ancient provinces of Poland. More than a million and a half of the Russian Jews reside in the Polish provinces, and as the inhabitants of those provinces number but 12,113,085, they form more than eleven per centum of the whole population, outnumbering the Poles, properly so called, by nearly half a million. The Jews are still more numerous, proportionally, in the kingdom of Poland itself, there being 783,000, or thirteen per centum, in a total population of 5,706,000.

In 1867 Hamburg contained 13,457 Jews out of a total population of 306,507; Berlin 27,565 out of 699,981; and St. Petersburg only 2,612, out of 539,128; while in Warsaw there were 72,776 Jews in a total population of 222,906. Their numbers have increased since, and they now represent 35.9 per centum of the whole population.

Household Taste.

COMMONPLACE taste is not confined to pictorial art. If we are to believe those who have given their attention to the subject of technical design, it pervades and vitiates the judgment by which we are accustomed to select and approve the objects of everyday use which we see around us. It crosses our path in the Brussels carpet of our drawing-rooms; it is about our bed in the shape of gaudy chintz; it compels us to rest on chairs and to sit at tables which are designed in accordance with the worst principles of construction and invested with shapes confessedly unpicturesque. It sends us metal-work from Birmingham which is as vulgar in form as it is flimsy in execution. It decorates the finest modern porcelain with the most objectionable character of ornament. It lines our walls with silly representations of vegetable life, or with a mass of uninteresting diaphanous. It bids us, in short, furnish our houses after the same fashion as we dress ourselves, and that is with no more sense of real beauty than if art were a dead letter.

It is hardly necessary to say that the general public do not recognize this fact. In the eyes of materialists there is no upholstery which could possibly surpass that which the most fashionable upholsterer supplies. She believes in the elegance of window curtains, of which so many yards were sent to the Duchess of—, and concludes that the dinner service must be perfect which is described as "quite a novelty." When did people first adopt the notion that the "last pattern out" must be the best? Is good taste so rapidly progressive that every mug which leaves the potter's hands surpasses in shape the last which he molded? In that case, how superior our modern crockery would be to that of the Middle Ages, and medieval majolica to the vases of ancient Greece! But it is to be feared that, instead of progressing, we have, for some ages at least, gone hopelessly backward in the arts of manufacture. And this is true not only with respect to the character of design, but often in regard to the actual quality of material employed. It is generally admitted by every housewife who has attained a matronly age, that linen, silk, and other articles of textile fabric, though less expensive than formerly, are far inferior to what was made in the days of our grandfathers. Metal-workers tell us that it is almost impossible to procure, for the purpose of their trade, brass such as appears to have been in common use a century ago. Joinery is neither so sound nor so artistic as it was in the early Georgian era. A cheap and easy method of workmanship—an endeavor to produce a show of finish with the least possible labor, and, above all, an unhealthy spirit of competition in regard to price, such as was unknown to the generations that preceded us, have combined to deteriorate the value of our ordinary mechanics' work.

The Folklore of Beans.

THE folklore attaching to the common bean (*faba vulgaris*) goes far back into antiquity. The prejudice against beans which existed among the Romans originated apparently with the injunctions of Pythagoras, who forbade their use, not so much as food as in political elections; in fact, his warning not to meddle with beans appears to have been rather intended as a caution against interfering in political and official matters. The Greek elections were conducted by the casting of beans into a helmet, a white one signifying approval and a black one disapproval—a practice from which our modern "blackballing" probably takes its rise. The Roman elections were also conducted in a similar manner; and it is a curious instance of the resuscitation of old customs to find that in 1643 a law was enacted in Ipswich, Massachusetts, that white and black beans should be used in voting, the white meaning "yes," and the black "no." The Egyptian priests would not so much as look at them, judging even the sight of beans to be unclean. Coming down to more recent times, we find beans occupying a prominent position in the festivities of "Twelfth Night," as the feast of the Epiphany was and still is popularly called. The king and queen, whose election on this night seems to be yearly falling more and more into disuse, were formerly chosen by a bean and a pea respectively, these being mixed up in the cake, and entitling those who found them to these honors. This custom was very general, not only in England, but in various parts of the

Continent, especially in France, where the "Roi des fèves," was a personage of importance among his fellows in the Christmas festivities, and is said to date from the fourth century. The young girls of Venice practice a kind of love divination by means of beans, to ascertain which of their lovers is most faithful to them. They take a number of black beans, and write on each the name of one of their lovers; the beans are then allowed to fall to the ground, and that which remains fixed to the spot where it falls indicates the faithful youth, while the others by their dispersion show that no dependence is to be placed on the stability of those whose names they bear. In Lorraine, beans, to insure a good crop, must be planted on one of the Sundays in May, especially the first one; but it is said that those which are planted on the Feast of St. Claude (June 3d) will soon overtake the others. Both in France and England there is a curious belief that bean-flowers will cause madness. "Sleep in a bean-field all night if you want to have awful dreams or go mad," is reported as a Leicestershire saying; while "The beans are in flower" is an ambiguous way of expressing an opinion on the folly of a proposition, or rather of its proposer. Bean awads are a cure for warts; but so many remedies have been proposed for these unpleasant excrescences that the efficacy of the present plan may be fairly doubted. Should any like to try the experiment, the proper way is to rub the warts with a bean-pod and then throw it away; as this decays so will the warts.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Sketches of the Turkish Insurrection.

One of our foreign cuts this week represents the departure of Montenegrin subjects for their own country, and the army of Prince Nikita. Large numbers of these warlike mountaineers had come to Constantinople to make money, as gardeners, grooms, etc., and frequently entered the service of the highest Pashas. Recently, however, they have been trooping back in hundreds to their own country, well armed and dressed in all their native finery, their gorgeous crimson sashes containing a whole arsenal of pistols and yatagans. In our picture they are being conveyed to the Austrian Lloyd's steamer lying in the Golden Horn, and which is to convey them to the shores of the Adriatic, whence they can cross into Montenegro. One of these steamers recently repatriated fully 700 of these gentlemen. Another picture represents the enrolment of Servian volunteers at Belgrade, and a third one the arrival at Parajkin of a party of Bulgarian refugees, the survivors of the two villages which had been destroyed by the Circassians, and who had been happily rescued from murder by a detachment of Servian volunteers.

The Meeting of Ambassadors.

The subject of another Turkish war cut is the arrival of the British and Russian Ambassadors at the Summer quarters of the French Embassy at Therapia, where the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia frequently go to confer upon the attitude to be adopted towards Turkey and her Servian and Montenegrin enemies. General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, has just ridden over from his residence at Buyukdéré, and behind him is his "syce" or attendant, famed for possessing the fiercest mustache in Constantinople. Sir Henry Elliot is just about to step out of the steam-launch in which he has been conveyed from his Embassy.

The Bashi-Bazouks.

In the great caravanserai of Adrianople, which is called the Chibouk Chular Khan, are the temporary barracks of the irregular troops called Bashi-Bazouks, a mixed horde of Turks, Kurds, Tatars, Albanians, and Circassians, who come from all parts with their old muskets, swords, and daggers, enlisting not so much for pay as the chance of plunder and licentious spoil. They have no officers or regular commanders and leaders until they join the army; and it is but too notorious that they perpetrate shocking deeds of violence and rapacity on their road through Bulgaria, at the expense of the Christian inhabitants.

The Manufacture of Astronomical Lenses.

While the English, German and Dutch opticians can fairly compete with those of France in the size of the large lenses they construct for astronomers' telescopes, the last-named nation excels all others in the manufacture of the clear, pure, homogeneous crystal out of which they are made. The art is possessed in its highest degree by a Parisian family named Guinaud, among whom its secret is preserved as a sacred inheritance. Our illustration represents the workmen in their establishment manipulating the crucible filled with the molten mass from which is to proceed a large lens for use in the Paris Observatory. The whole process requires the greatest delicacy of handling, and it is not until the last moment that its success or failure can be ascertained. The lenses are always one-tenth the diameter of the instrument. One of thirty centimetres costs ten francs, while one of fifty centimetres costs 5,000 francs. The trustees of the Sick Observatory at San Francisco offered \$10,000 for a lens 107 centimetres in diameter, and \$40,000 for one of 115 centimetres, but have not yet succeeded in having one constructed.

The Religious Fete at Vézelay.

The ruinous old French city of Vézelay, where St. Bernard, in 1140, preached in support of the second Crusade, was the scene of an imposing ceremony on July 27th. The occasion was the presentation to the Abbey of Mary Magdalene at that place of some relics of that saint, formerly preserved in the city of Sens. A portion of the relics of this saint once belonged to the monks of Vézelay, who made a present of them to Pope Martin IV., in the year 1281. His Holiness, who was a Frenchman, and did not sufficiently appreciate the value of such gifts, made the bones over to the Cathedral of Sens. There they remained till the Revolution, when they were taken out and scattered to the four winds by a desperate crowd. Somebody, however, is presumed to have picked them up; and now Monsignor Bernadou, Archbishop of Sens, has restored them, inclosed in a magnificent reliquary. The ceremony was presided over by the Archbishop of Sens, assisted by the Archbishop of Arignon and the Bishops of Chalon, Nevers and Noyes, an abbot and two hundred priests. There was an enormous crowd in attendance. Vézelay is famous in the ecclesiastical history of France, and a noted resort of pilgrims, but has no other modern significance.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

HORSES employed in haying on the marshes near Hustisford, Wis., wear wooden shoes made of plank six by eight inches screwed to the hoof.

BOSTON has an eccentric insurer who insists upon having his policies payable in "pounds, ounces and pennyweights of pure gold, without alloy."

It is stated that in Seville, Spain, the heat has been so intense this Summer that birds trying to fly at noon have fallen sunstruck and lifeless in the plaza.

A COLORED waiter advertises in the *Tribune* for a situation in a hotel or restaurant. His pre-eminence is stated to be his ability to "fold napkins in 300 different ways, in the perfect image of every kind of bird."

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—PRESIDENT and MRS. GRANT visited the Grounds on Wednesday, August 23d.

—NEW YORK and Philadelphia are both to have Vienna bakeries after the close of the Exhibition.

—BAYARD TAYLOR, the poet, is writing long letters to the New York *Tribune* from the Exhibition Grounds.

—ALTHOUGH half of the Exhibition season has gone by, the number of visitors has not reached half those that ought to have seen it.

—EVEN the ladies find much to interest them in Machinery Hall, the making of mint-drops alone forming no inconsiderable attraction.

—GOVERNOR HAYES has resigned his membership of the State Board of Centennial Commissioners. His campaign in Indiana bothers him.

—THE boatmen—national, international, collegiate, amateur, professional and whaling—are now wearing the laurels of the Centennial city.

—THE daily average cash-paying attendance at the Centennial since the opening has been 25,670. The daily average visitors, which include all classes, 36,368.

—SENATOR O. P. MORTON was at the Exhibition last week with Mrs. Morton. He says, even with enthusiasm, "It is too big to see—It is too big to see."

—CAPTAIN HEINS, the chief detective who has been on the hunt for Charlie Ross so fruitlessly for so many years, has been appointed Chief of the Centennial detectives.

—THESE are the best days to visit the Exhibition. Frost and falling leaves and incessant crowds will make October a bad month for those who have leisure now.

—GOVERNOR KELLOGG, of Louisiana has been visiting the grounds for a week past, and thinks the Exhibition harder to handle than a New Orleans mob of "Conservatives."

—THE Reports of the Judges of Awards are nearly all in, and they will be given out to the public as soon as the Commission approves them. This will be in the latter part of September.

—A SUPPLY of fruit and vegetables all the way from Kansas has been received in the Kansas and Colorado building. It is the intention to exhibit there, until the close of the Exhibition, Kansas products in season.

—POWDERED hair and cheeks, scarfs and skirts of the Methuselah fashion, with superannuated caps to match, render the youthful and sprightly maidens attending the New England log-house the most captivating grandmothers ever seen.

—THE revised edition of the official catalogue is now complete. Much more can be said in its praise than was said in dispraise of the first edition, which is saying a good deal. It is just to say, however, that the exhibitors themselves are to blame for much that was faulty in the old edition.

—BAYARD TAYLOR, who speaks by the card, says, in criticising the Tunisian coffee-house, "the hour in the spangled head-dress is an American girl wearing a costume of no particular nationality in the most non-chalant Occidental style; and the gentleman in the fez is a German who speaks Arabic."

—THE desk upon which John Adams wrote " * * * Epistles important To go next day by the *Mayflower* Filled with the name and the fame Of the Puritan maiden Priscilla," is exhibited in the New England log-house.

—If people at a distance were fully aware of the fact that hotel and boarding-house accommodations are to be had in Philadelphia to-day cheaper than at any time since the war, and at lower rates than accommodations of the same class can be obtained in any large city on the Continent, the number of visitors to the Exhibition would be almost double.

—THE English catalogue has been generally commended for its completeness. There is one omission: the huge rats in the Main Building, which are supposed to have been imported with the British exhibits. Another theory is that they are Norway rats. At any rate they are not home-bred. Wags are thinking of introducing them at the dog show. A bull in a china shop would be tame sport after that.

—AMONG the curiosities on Exhibition Lake (a picture of which we gave last week) are the patent life-saving raft, a sample of the Government Life-saving Service, an exhibitor who is showing arms so constructed that the rower faces the bow of the boat instead of the stern, and a flock of wild geese (with their wings clipped), contributed by Amos R. Little, Chairman of the Admission Bureau.

WHAT Bret Hart calls "the Argonauts of '49"—the Associated Pioneers of California—have their reunion at the Pacific Coast Centennial Hall on the 9th of September, that day being the 26th anniversary of the admission of California as a State. Colonel Stevenson is the courteous and efficient head of the California State Commission. Hon. Rodman M. Price, ex-Governor of New Jersey, and a participant with Commodore Sloat in the raising of the American flag at Monterey, California in 1846, will deliver the address. There will be 400 pioneers present.

—EIGHTY Chinese boys from Hartford, Conn., visited the Grounds last week. About thirty more joined them from New Haven. They are being educated here under the superintendence of the Chinese Educational Commission. The whole party began their tour, commencing with the United States Government Building, where the wonderful exhibit of the youngest nation was inspected by the children of the oldest. Modestly clad in blue flannel, they attracted more than usual attention. Their clear brown complexion and liquid almond-shaped eyes black as a slope; their long pendant queues, the color of the raven's wing and sweeping in some cases below their waists, made them prominent objects wherever they moved. The conduct of these young scions of an empire which knew of the mariner's compass thousands of years before Columbus, who have called all the Caucasian race "outside barbarians," was exemplary in the highest degree.

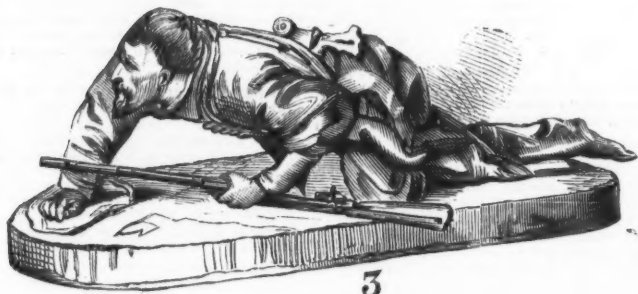
—THE Spelling Reform Association in the Centennial city has excited a good deal of amusement among the present good spellers—"historic" spellers as the Reformers call it. Here is a letter which illustrates the new scheme of spelling, so "A Skoolboy" says in writing to the Philadelphia *Times*: "As a skoolboy hoo never cud spel, allow me to thank the filologists and your reporter for the heavy bio thay hav given to the tirany which compels every body to spel according to the dishonaries. I wont to spel as I pleez, and dont wont to be tied down to riet according to Webster. I beleev that the world iz progressing, that spelling iz not the only thing that iz to stand still. Why shud I not spel as I pleez, and not be cault an ignoramus if I mis in a word, when living men tel me that wun spelling is az good az another. I hav dun my best, Mr. Editor, to spel in my oen way, and will try to improve as I go on.—Yoorz trooly."



1



2



3



4



5



6

1. A Cossack at Close Quarters. 2. After the Fight. 3. The Skirmisher. 4. Attacked by Wolves. 5. The Falconer. 6. The Jealous Foal.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE RUSSIAN BRONZES IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.



1. General Hawley Receiving Governor Bedle. 2. Mr. Browning's Oration. 3. Governor Bedle's Speech in the New Jersey Building.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"NEW JERSEY DAY," AUGUST 24TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.



NEW YORK.—THE FIRST PASSENGER ACROSS THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—TESTING THE TEMPORARY CABLE, AUGUST 25TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 13.

THE HEART'S REPLY.

SHOULD you ask what's the matter with me, love, And why I am absent and sad; Why the fault I ever is with thee, love, And reasons there are to be had. Should you ask if I'm truthful, my darling, When I say thy sweet face is so fair,— Just peep in the looking-glass, darling, And tell me what answer is there.

Though you say that all beauty's deceiving, Ensnaring the eye, not the heart, All fruitful in sorrow and grieving, Working ill with invincible art; Oh! ask if I love you, my darling, Alone for the face that's so fair,— Then look in my heart, my own darling, And tell me what answer is there.

And when thou hast looked in my heart, love, And all its deep longings hast seen, And knowest how precious thou art, love, My sweetheart, my flower, my queen; Oh, wilt thou not tell me, my darling, Must true love for ever despair? So look in your own heart, my darling, And whisper the answer that's there.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEVOLENCE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

RED berries spotted every hedge. In the park the leaves were falling. The fat partridge had been shot and cooked and eaten. Harvest time was past. The cunning corn-crake ventriloquized no more among the barley. Pheasants, eager to be killed, strutted no longer on the edge of the woods. The cracking of rifles had ceased in the heavy swedes and the clay stubbles. Keepers and beaters and satin-coated pointers had done their work, and Hazel Hall stood up in the lonesome Autumn days emptied of all its guests.

Lady Evelyn Radstock was the last to linger, hoping against hope. But a woman of thirty odd has not much time to waste, and even she grew disheartened at length, and prepared to betake herself to fresh fields and pastures new—that is, to a castle in the Scottish Highlands, whither some eligible men of her set had gone deer-stalking.

"Poor thing!" said Dolly Hazelwood, wickedly, "like the dove of the ark, she finds no rest for the sole of her foot. How tiresome it must be to go roaming the kingdom over like that, in search of a husband!"

Alas for Mrs. Hazelwood's matrimonial plans! They had failed as signally in Guy's case as in Dolly's. The blonde, easy-going master of Hazel Hall parted with the fat, fair widow with a feeling of positive relief.

"I shall spend the Winter at Nice," she said, coldly. "I do not know when I may see you again."

"Nice is a delightful place," drawled Guy. "I once passed a season there myself. I am unspcakably sorry to say Good-by to your ladyship."

What a lie was that, and Lady Evelyn knew it. "Don't waste your pretty speeches upon me," she answered, dryly; "reserve them for your cousin Dolly—as you call her. By-the-way, how recklessly that girl is flirting with young Lord Dane!"

"Yes."

"I hope she is not a fair specimen of American women!"

"The very finest I ever saw in all my travels."

"You know what I mean. I do not admire that loud style."

"No, I suppose not. Few women, I notice, do admire Dorothy; but she is more than repaid for that by the unequalled adoration of the other sex. My dear Lady Evelyn, let me enliven your departure with a bit of news. Miss Hazelwood accepted Lord Dane this morning."

"Good heaven!" cried Lady Evelyn. "You take it very coolly, sir!"

"I make it a point to take all things coolly in this world," answered Guy, with proper resignation; "it's not a bad match for Dolly. The young cad has money and a fine old name. I am not an enthusiast on the subject of matrimony—far from it! I never hear of a plunge in that direction without a deal of pity for the plungers; but if Dolly and his young lordship are satisfied, why should I complain?"

As the carriage which conveyed Lady Evelyn to the Hazlercroft station departed down the avenue, Guy Hazelwood with his dogs at his heels, went to find Dolly.

She was standing at the long open window of the breakfast-room, looking absently out on the garden alleys, already growing naked and sear in the Fall winds. He fancied she was paler than usual—fancied, too, that her handsome face changed suddenly at sight of him. He crossed the terrace, and walked straight up to her.

"Dolly," he began, "my mother has told me the news. I hardly know whether to congratulate or pity you."

She stooped to pat the shining heads of the dogs. He leaned against the outside of the window and looked in at her.

"You need do neither," she answered, "for both are alike distasteful to me."

"Are you really going to marry that stripling, Dolly?"

His voice was perfectly unmoved—it stung her to the quick.

"Yes," she answered, "I am going to marry Lord Dane."

He arrested the hand which caressed the dogs, and pointed to a blazing diamond on the slender finger.

"Is this his ring, Dolly?"

"Yes. It must have cost a great deal of money in some London shop, eh?"

"Heartless girl! Do you love Basil Dane? No one can doubt his adoration for you—it's the worst case I ever saw even in a fellow of nineteen—but do you love him?"

"What is that to you?" flashed Dolly. "What right have you to ask the question?"

"None. But since you wish to make a marriage of convenience, I wonder you did not take Sir Philip Bellamy. This spoiled, hot-headed, willful young lord will give you no end of trouble, I fear. There's a streak of insanity in the Dane blood—the late Sir Lionel died mad. I doubt if you will find it safe or pleasant to play with Dane. And you hate his mother—you told me that long ago. Dolly, some demon has got possession of you. I protest against this ill-omened betrothal—tell me that it is all a jest."

"A jest!" she laughed, wickedly. "I can hardly call it that, Cousin Guy. Why should I, not marry for wealth and position? Scores of women do it every day. Why should I not?"

There was an odd undertone of passionate pain and defiance in her voice. She seemed to hold her breath as she waited for his answer.

"Very well," he answered, in a slow, displeased tone; "like all the rest of the Hazelwood race, you will, I perceive, have your own way at any cost. I congratulate you, Dolly—I congratulate Lord Dane. I wish you both any amount of happiness."

A two-edged sword seemed driving into her heart, but her face kept its perfect composure. "Thanks," she answered, dryly; and the next moment he had turned from the window, and Dolly was standing beside it alone, drawing her breath quickly, and clenching her hands involuntarily at her side.

Yes, it was even so. She had accepted Lord Dane. An hour before, in that very room, she allowed him to slip that blazing diamond upon her hand—the sign of her bondage. It was a fortnight after the meeting under the yew-tree by the roadside, and the titled young lover had shown none of the patience which he promised there. On the contrary, he had visited Hazel Hall daily, and daily importuned Dolly Hazelwood for an answer to his suit. And this was but the result—she was now Basil Dane's betrothed wife.

Did she care for the handsome, fiery, importunate boy? No one knew. She had announced her engagement to Mrs. Hazelwood with not so much as the tremor of a tone or an eyelash—with no change of color, no sign by which maidens are wont to express their inward agitation on such occasions. After the first shock of surprise, Mrs. Hazelwood considered the matter in this wise:

"Well, my dear, he is wealthy and handsome, and he adores you; but do you think that Lady Dane will consent to the marriage? I understand she is very, very angry because he visits here. Lord Basil is still a minor, and her open opposition would be very unpleasant for you."

"I do not care in the least for her opposition," answered Dolly, with a faint, smiling smile. "In fact, I shall rather enjoy it. That sort of thing is like a piquant sauce to a poor dinner. No, Lady Dane will not consent to our marriage, but that does not signify in the least."

"My dear, my dear! What an odd speech! You cannot wish to live at enmity with your ladyship. She is said to be exceedingly haughty and imperious, and as she expected her son to marry Miss Dawlish, I fear you will be a bone of serious contention between Lord Dane and his mother."

"No doubt," answered Dolly, with great sang froid. "I expect nothing else, dear Mrs. Hazelwood," and her tone seemed to say, I want nothing else; "but I do not allow the prospect to daunt me."

Mrs. Hazelwood went to tell the news to Guy. For days she had watched her son and his handsome American kinswoman with growing uneasiness; but this sudden turn of affairs dispelled the fears which had begun to take shape in her mind.

"So Dolly will be my lady," she said to Guy, "and a charming peeress she will make. I was always certain that she would secure a brilliant match. I do not know as she could have done better."

Guy bit his lip. He looked angry and amazed.

"And you call that presuming boy, hardly free from his tutor, a brilliant match?" he scoffed. "What can she care for him? Nothing, I'll be bound. It's the worst match possible for her, for it is one that is purely mercenary. I am grievously disappointed in Dolly!"

In the big airy sewing-room at Hazel Hall sat the London seamstress, Sarah Johnson, stitching—stitching at "gusset and band and seam." Her wounded arm had healed. Though still wan and pale to look upon, she had, of her own will, resumed her work. From the window by which her chair was placed, she could look out upon a portion of the grounds—could see Guy Hazelwood coming and going, with his pointers at his heels—could see the flutter of Dolly's dress, and the gleam of the feather in her hat, as she dawdled through the walks, the fairest flower that ever bloomed in all that gorgeous garden. Sometimes, too, she heard the sound of their mingled voices, and Dolly's light laugh floating up from the alleys; and then a strange pallor would come into Sarah Johnson's sallow face, and into her black eyes a stormy gleam, like lightning, and into her heart a pang sharper than a knife.

She was sitting in her old place with the old weapon of labor in her hand, on this Autumn day when Dolly's engagement with Lord Dane was made known to the household. Along the walk below she saw Guy Hazelwood pass with his dogs at his heels. Lordly and tall he looked—handsome, too, as a god, with the sunshine slanting on his red-gold hair and careless blonde face. The needle slipped from Sarah Johnson's hand as she watched him. Her great eyes dilated wide. She did not move—she hardly seemed to breathe. He went on and vanished in the shrubbery, his mellow whistle only floating back to her ears. At the same moment a subdued knock echoed on the door. Sarah Johnson started violently, then arose in her own noiseless, graceful fashion, turned the knob, and confronted the spare, straight figure and bald head of Mr. Haddon. He held in his hand a plate of garden grapes. He looked happy, but timid, as a wooer should, for a wooer Haddon was, as everybody in the servants' hall knew. His admiration for the black-eyed London sewing-woman was no secret to his fellow servants.

"I umblly ask you to think of me, Miss Sarah, when you eat these same grapes," he began, ex-

tending the plate with a sheepish grin. "I'm glad to see you up and at work again. Though I say it as has no right save that of an 'umble friend, I've missed you beyond all telling."

Sarah Johnson took the plate with a courtesy, and the shadow of a smile lurking in her big moons of eyes.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Haddon," she said. "If I may be allowed to speak of it, sir, you are looking tired and overworked."

"No doubt," replied Mr. Haddon, with a sad shake of his ginger-locks. "The calls upon my time are various. There's nothing like care to pick the flesh from one's bones. My position in this house, Miss Johnson, is a trying one."

"Is it?" queried Sarah Johnson, in some surprise, holding up a cluster of the purple grapes. "The housekeeper told me, when I first came here, that you were Mr. Guy's valet."

"I pass for that mostly, but I've other duties, miss—harder ones, though I don't complain. I've a good master and good wages. I've laid by a bit of money, too. A man of my prospects might now be pardoned if he turned his mind to matrimony, which is the common lot, miss, as you know."

"La! Mr. Haddon," cried the seamstress with a delicious little laugh, "men that live alone, like Trappist monks, in south wings, where other folks ain't permitted to come, especially women, ain't no ways fit for husbands. You oughtn't to turn your mind in any such a-way, sir!"

"It's cruel 'ard of you to say that, Miss Sarah. I'm a 'ermit against my will. It's not me that keeps folks from the south wing—least of all, such as you. And speaking of matrimony, I've heard news to-day as is news. Lord Dane of the Priory, is a-going to marry Miss Hazelwood—she that I thought was sure to make a match with Mr. Guy."

"You never mean it, Mr. Haddon!"

"That I do—it's gospel truth. His lordship has been hanging round the Hall a good deal of late. They're as handsome a pair as ever stepped—they be! It will be a sight worth seeing when they go to church together."

"So it will!" assented Sarah Johnson. "Hark! my mistress is coming—you mustn't be seen here, sir!" and she pushed him back over the threshold, shut the door, and resumed her seat and her sewing together.

The bell in the tower clanged loudly, and told the country people that the gentry at the Hall were about to dine. Darkness gathered. A round red moon appeared in the east, and shone brightly down on the gray gables and the yellowing plantations. Sarah Johnson took her tea in the housekeeper's room, then put on her shawl and hood, and went out for a little walk by the park-wall.

It was a windy Autumn night, with a hint of approaching Winter in the air. The fallen leaves lay thick under foot—rustled sharply in every gust.

Along the park-palings she moped, and stared over into the silent, moonlit park. Not a living thing was anywhere in sight, not a sound could be heard save the dropping of dead foliage. Up and down, up and down, Sarah Johnson paced—a strange, sombre little figure in the solitude, till, of a sudden, the sound of voices in a neighboring walk fell on her ears. Peering through the half-naked boughs, the sewing-woman saw two figures advancing. The moonlight shone full on their faces. One was Guy Hazelwood; the other—tall, beautiful, in a wine-dark dinner-dress, with a white burnous flung carelessly about her, and her rippling hair showing ruddily against it—was Dolly. Sarah Johnson shrank back into the shadow of a clump of laurels, and held her breath.

The pair approached at a slow, careless pace. Dolly's hand rested on her companion's arm, her brown eyes were cast down. She looked bored and pale.

"I feared you were angry with me," she said, in a tone that made Sarah Johnson set her white teeth.

"Angry with you!" answered Guy Hazelwood. "I could not be that if I tried, Dolly. Well, did Lord Dane amuse you at dinner?"

"Certainly not. That absurd boy! I wish—I do wish that his lordship would not gush. I detest demonstrative people."

"Do you!" queried Guy Hazelwood; "then you ought to like me, Dolly, for I am a true Spartan—I suffer and make no sign."

She lifted her eyes to his, but dropped them again instantly. Not another word was spoken. They went on and disappeared in the direction of the terrace, and Sarah Johnson, spy and eavesdropper, sank down where she stood under the laurel-bush, grappling with an overwhelming agony and despair.

She knew their secret! They might hide it from themselves, and from each other, but the eyes of the London sewing-woman had found it out. He loved Dolly Hazelwood—she loved him! Panting, palpitating like a hunted wild creature, with hands locked, and teeth set to keep back the cry of mortal anguish that tore up from her heart, Sarah Johnson fell a prostrate heap, at the roots of the laurels, and hid her face upon the frosty earth.

"Oh, God, pity me!" was her wild, smothered cry.

The cold white moon which had heard so many appeals of that same nature, plunged through the faint, thin fleeces of clouds overhead. One by one the yellow leaves dropped on her prostrate body. She made no sound, no movement, only now and then a shuddering breath shook her from head to foot. Even in the midst of her paroxysm she felt a certain dull wonder at the capability for suffering still left in her.

"I thought I had exhausted it all long ago," she said to herself, dreadingly.

An hour passed by. Wearied with the violence of her emotion, Sarah Johnson lifted her face, at last, from the frosty earth and looked around.

The moon was shining gloriously on the solitary park and the silent garden, and the long gray façade of Hazel Hall. From the Spanish chestnut-trees the dead leaves were still whirling, and close by her side in their shadow, stood a man, with one hand outstretched to grasp her shoulder.

Not Guy Hazelwood—not anybody belonging to the household of the Hall. This person was undersized, and dressed like any laborer in the Kentish fields. A faded handkerchief muffled his throat

and lower jaw, and his hat was drawn low down over his hawk-beak and black, stealthy eyes. She cast one look at the man, and the blood in her veins seemed suddenly to turn to ice. His grimy hand fell on her arm. He stooped low and looked in her face.

"Jacquita!"

She did not move or speak. A terrible astonishment chained her fast to the spot, and her eyes to his own.

"Jacquita!" he repeated, shaking her roughly. "Yes, by the Lord! you're the woman that rushed out on the terrace that night—I knew I couldn't be mistaken!"

She stepped back, alive in a moment to a sense of her danger.

"I am not Jacquita," she answered, boldly. "I am Sarah Johnson, Mrs. Hazelwood's maid."

He looked at her coolly, attentively—a look that refused to be baffled by disguise or effrontery. Then a soundless laugh convulsed his face and made it hideous.

"And you think to deceive me by such foolery as this?" he said, scornfully. "What have you been doing to yourself? Yellowed your face, and colored your hair, and put on the gown of a servant, and it's years since I saw you last, but still you can't impose on me for a minute. If you ain't Jacquita, then I'm not a hunted man with a price on my head—I'm not the fellow that used to make love to you long ago at Midland Grange."

Eye to eye they stood in the brilliant moonlight under the frosty Autumn heaven. She saw that he had penetrated her disguise—saw that denial was useless. She shook off his hand in violent aversion, but she did not speak.

"When you burst out of that window the other night," he continued, "and I heard you scream, I had my suspicions of you. And the more I thought of it the more certain I grew in my own mind. Says I to myself that yellow woman was Jack! I've been lying low ever since, but I made up my mind I'd not leave the place till I saw you again."

Sarah Johnson drew herself up in the shadow of the laurel-bush.

"You scoundrel!" she hissed through her teeth, "it was you, then, who shot at Guy Hazelwood on the terrace? I suspected it from the first."

"Did you?" he answered in a lively voice.

"Well, for private reasons, I'd rather you wouldn't speak of the matter here. Let's talk of yourself instead. I'm blessed if I could believe my eyes that night—I can hardly believe 'em now. The last news I had of you, Jack, you had taken to the stage and was an actress—a rum one, too, as a pal of mine told me, who once had the pleasure of seeing you perform. Many a time I've vowed to hunt you up, but the last five years I've spent out of England mostly—this right little, tight little island has been too hot to hold me; so it wasn't convenient for me to renew our acquaintance. Come, we're cousins, you know, Jack, and I haven't forgot my old fondness for you. Won't you shake hands for old time's sake?"

He extended his grimy paw with a grin. If looks could kill, Mr. Murty would have fallen dead then and there. She made a sudden backward movement, and something in her face excited his suspicion. He grasped her arm again.

"You'd better not scream!" he hissed. "I'm a desperate man, Jack, with a price on my head, as I said before. I wouldn't hesitate a blessed minute to strangle the life out of you! Moreover, to betray me is to betray yourself, for you've got some sort of a secret to keep, or you'd never be in this place, painted up and dressed out in this style. Here is a jolly go! Guy Hazelwood's divorced, cast-off wife, living under the same roof with him as a servant, and with a false name hitched to her—acting a little private drama all by herself, and on her own account! You won't shake hands? Well, just as you like. I've a few things to say to you all the same."

She seemed to grow an inch taller. With a gesture of unutterable loathing, she freed herself from him.

"Touch your hand!" she answered, "you robber, you murderer, you ingrate, you monster—no! I can see old Dandy's blood upon it this very moment?"

He quailed visibly, and with a muttered imprecation, flung his hand backwards against the laurel bush, as if to shake something off. A low, mirthless laugh broke from Sarah Johnson's lips.

"It is there, Murty, and you will never rid yourself of it! Now, what do you want of me?"

The dropping of a leaf made Mr. Murty start nervously. The park-wall, dark in shadow, lay at their backs, the winding garden walks, full of moonlight, before them.

"Is there anybody about?" whispered Murty, darkly. "You'd better not play any tricks on me, Jack—you know my ugly temper, of old."

"There is no one nearer than the house," said Sarah Johnson. "Did you come here to make another attempt on Guy Hazelwood's life?"

He surveyed her from under his hat's brim. Murty's appearance had not improved since the old days at Midland Grange. He had knocked about the world a good deal in the last few years, to the detriment both of his morals and his personal attractions.

"It still costs you an effort to speak his name, eh, Jack? Hang me! I begin to see through your little game! There's a deuced fine girl here—I met her in the park one day—that the Hazlercroft folks say he's going to marry. By Jove, you came here to watch him!"

She did not speak, but the hands which had fallen at her side clinched themselves involuntarily.

"I don't mind telling you," went on Murty, "that I crept into the park to-night, not to shoot Guy Hazelwood, but to see you—though, as sure as there's a sky over us, Jack, if I meet that fine gentleman in a convenient place, and at a convenient time, he had better look to himself! I haven't wiped out old scores with him yet. When he stole you from me at Midland Grange, I swore I'd be even with him, if it wasn't for twenty years. Well, whatever my faults are—and I've a few, I'll admit—I'm a man of my word. I've been cruising about the world a good deal since then, in Barbadoes and Australia and America, but I ain't forgot that promise yet!"

"You villain!" cried Sarah Johnson, through her teeth. "I've a mind to shout for help—to bring the whole household about you here, and give you over to the justice which you have cheated so long!"

"Oh, but you don't dare do that, you know," cried Murty, with great sang froid, "it wouldn't do! You wouldn't like to have your former husband know that you were a-hiding here, watching him under cover of a false name. Come, come! my business to-night is not with him, but with you. I heard that you grew mighty handsome after he married you—that you blossomed out into a genuine fine lady. My pal told me you made piles of money in France—actresses always make money. Now, I can't judge about your beauty in this dress, but I'll take it for granted—you was always handsome and you always will be. It's about the money question that I'm mostly interested. I haven't a shilling to my name, Jack—no, not enough to take me out of this cursed place where your ex-husband has set no end of magistrates on the watch for me. As good luck would have it, I met an old friend here—a fellow in the poaching line, and he's given me shelter, but it's ticklish business both for him and for me, and I've got to leave. Now to get away, Jack, means money. I want twenty pounds."

She gazed at him steadily.

"And if I give it to you, will you take your oath to leave Hazelcroft this very night?"

"Well, my oath ain't worth much," replied Murty, facetiously, "but such as it is, you're welcome to it. Yes, I'll leave Hazelcroft—never fear! I'm only too anxious to get away."

Sarah Johnson drew out her purse, and took from it two crisp ten-pound notes.

"Now begone!" she cried, "and if you ever cross my way again, I will deliver you to the hangman without mercy! Old Dandy Dobbin's blood still cries for vengeance from that house at Midland Grange!"

He glared at her savagely.

"This is a hard way to talk to a friend and relative, after a seven years' separation—an old sweetheart, too! Well, you didn't find it very smooth with your gentleman-husband, eh, Jack? You'd better have married me, after all! It would have been quite as well for you in the long run, and it might have saved me a dented sight of trouble. Blow hot—blow cold—that's always the way with such men's love."

She extended her slim hand with an imperative gesture.

"Stop!—not another word!" she cried. "By whatever path you creep into this place, be off by it, while there is yet time!"

He knew from past experience the manner of stuff she was made of—knew it too well to provoke her too far. With a shrug of the shoulders he turned from the laurel-bush.

"Good-by till we meet again, Jacquita!" he said, then made hastily for the park-wall. She saw him scale it, saw his shadow mingle with that of the Spanish chestnut-trees—then the moon passed behind a cloud and she saw him no more.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENNIAL.

INCIDENTS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EXPOSITION.

THE JUDGES TESTING WINE—THE RUSSIAN BRONZES—THE ART GALLERIES—THE DELAWARE, MISSOURI AND CANADA BUILDINGS.

ON the front page our artists have given a speaking picture of a scene in the wine-vaults under Agricultural Hall. The episode is "The Testing of Wine in the French Department by the Judges." The lights and shadows of the darkened cellar are brought out strongly and rendered very effective by the artist in his portrayal of the confined flood of sunlight that is thrown down upon the group of judges gathered under the reflector. The plain deal table flung roughly together on the top of a couple of "saw horses," is surrounded by the interested lookers-on at an expert tester of wines as he holds high the glass containing the clear juice of the grape, so as to admit the rays of the light to its rich coloring. The next moment he will take a mouthful, and holding it a second or so to allow the taste to take hold of the sensitive tissues of the mouth and tongue, will eject it in a long stream from his mouth and smack his lips. Then he is ready to pronounce judgment. An interesting occurrence in this connection took place last week. These same judges, headed by Colonel Jos. F. Tobias, then chairman, conceived the idea of making a present to Commodore Vanderbilt of a bottle of old port. They consequently selected a bottle sixty years old, and from the finest collection of that brand in the Exhibition, and dispatched it to him with a letter containing the necessary compliments. It is said that the Commodore, whose favorite wine is port, appreciated the gift fully.

THE RUSSIAN BRONZES.

The Russian Government was very slow in making up its mind to participate in the Centennial Exhibition, but when it decided to do so it acted with great energy and liberality. A commission, appointed at the eleventh hour, made a list of the articles required, and of the manufacturers that produced the best of each kind, who were induced to contribute, the Government undertaking to pay all expenses. In a remarkably short space of time a thoroughly good, and, in some respects, exceedingly brilliant exhibit was organized. It did not arrive until after the opening of the fair, and its arrangement was then delayed by an accident to the steamer on which the cases were shipped. No part of the Exhibition will more richly repay careful study than this Russian display in the Main Building. Whilst the arts and manufactures of England and France, and the national life of the nearer European nations are tolerably familiar to the American of average culture, Russia has been as a sealed book. For the first time have our countrymen an opportunity of learning something definite with regard to Russia's recent achievements in art and industry, and of examining the results of the protective policy which has developed from native germs, or been transplanted from other countries almost all branches of manufactures that supply the complex wants of the highest modern civilization. In the

admirable fabrics of cloth, leather, iron, steel, silver, bronze and gutta-percha which she displays, the advocates of a protective tariff will find a new and strong argument in support of his theories.

Of the Russian Exhibit as a whole, it is not extravagant praise to say that it is superb. Indeed there is no other national department in the Main Building that makes a stronger impression of richness and beauty. Especially is this last remark applicable to the bronzes by a single exhibitor from St. Petersburg, Felix Chopin, whose representative in this country is Albert Caillaux. The action represented in Chopin's samples of work by the youthful artist, Eugene Lanseray, who has just graduated from the Law School at St. Petersburg, is exceptional in its striking character. The American artist of culture revels in the delicacies of his work. We present this week several sketches of some of the most notable of his groups.

One of these represents a Cossack, who has killed his enemy the Turk, in the act of wiping his dripping sword on his horse's mane. The Turk's horse and accoutrements and the empty saddle by the victor's side are very striking. The piece is ticketed, "Sold to Tiffany & Co., New York." Indeed nearly every bit of this artist's work is sold in many cases many times over.

A second statuette is a Cossack standing in his stirrup, and in the act of firing backward, the action showing the most consummate horsemanship of these kings of the desert. Three life-like horses starting off with a sledge come next. The different temperaments of the horses in the presence of hungry wolves watching them in the road, and the movement of the man who is climbing into the back of the sleigh, give speaking pictures of life.

A fourth figure is that of a horse, drawn to show merely the exquisite action.

"The Jealous Foal" is a fine character piece. A boy is seen in the act of milking a mare. The foal is punishing him by biting at his back. The largest sketch is that of a Russian falconer in the position of letting fly the bird from his hand as he sits his horse.

The articles of vertu are among the finest in the Exhibition.

"CORNERS" IN MEMORIAL HALL.

Our sketch of the works of art at the Centennial Exposition illustrates some "corners" in the Art Gallery, being composed of random sketches of groups of visitors about different, but not especially distinctive, points in Memorial Hall, and its annex. In these two buildings the pictures and statues sent by all nations to the Exhibition are contained. Memorial Hall is in close neighborhood to the Main Exhibition Building, only a few rods away to the north. It is planted upon a broad terrace, six feet above the general level, the banks well turfed and bordered with shrubbery, to which the visitor ascends by broad and easy steps in front, or by smaller mounts at the sides. These main steps are flanked at the top by enormous bronze figures of winged horses, held back in their desire to leap the hedge of the exhibition building in front of them, by women in ample drapery, the groups being imposing enough, and giving a needed accent to the very ordinary and conventional aspect of the building itself. This building is crowned by a four-sided dome, rising to a moderate height at the intersection of the two main halls. At the base of this dome are seated four traditional figures of Arts and Sciences, and on the top is a standing figure, which may represent anything the spectator pleases, that would be likely to suit with the purposes of the building. The four square towers at the angles of the structures don't rise much above the line of the walls, and on each corner they are ornamented with an eagle, all alike, making sixteen specimens of the national bird, and all in a screaming and defiant attitude. One of the scenes caught by our artist's pencil is a young blood in the act of saying, "Pardon me, mademoiselle," as he is lifting his hat in apology for treading on her train—an accident entirely attributable to the sight of her pretty face before she frowned at the knowledge of a torn and soiled skirt. She pardoned him finally, it is needless to say. His mustache gave him immunity. Another sketch on the same page is a group of visitors in the Main structure on a hot Summer's day, as may be seen by the swift-moving fan in the foreground. They are looking in a desultory way at the statuary. Still another sketch exhibits the visitor in the French Department, utterly regardless of the polite request on every picture, "Ne touchez pas," etc., or, as it is translated for the American and English benefit, "Please don't touch," etc. It is also needless to say he regarded not. The picture that is being "touched" is a celebrated one—"Riprah mourning over her seven sons (of Saul) and saving them from the birds of prey." The largest illustration on the page is a more pretentious sketch in the Italian Department of Sculpture in the annex. It exhibits the triumph of Italian art.

JERSEYMEN'S DAY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Thursday, August 24th, was Jersey's day at the Centennial. It was estimated that by nine o'clock in the morning fully 20,000 people arrived in Philadelphia and hastened to the grounds. Governor Bedle's train reached the depot a little after eleven o'clock, sometime after the hour designated for the formal exercises. The Governor, with his staff, was received at the main entrance by a body of Centennial Commissioners, headed by General Hawley. A procession was quickly formed, and, preceded by a band of music, it marched directly to the Judges' Hall, which by that time was surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. Governor Bedle made a brief address, after which he called upon the Hon. Abraham Browning, of Camden, to deliver the State oration. At the conclusion of this exercise the people formed again in line, and marched to the New Jersey State Building. Congratulatory speeches were delivered by General Hawley, President Walsh, of the Finance Board, and others, and then Governor Bedle held a reception. The people pressed up to the position taken by the chief executive of their State, and shook his hands for two hours steadily. Shortly after three o'clock a company of about 300 sat down to a luncheon provided in the Main Hall of the American Restaurant by the New Jersey Commissioners, during which appropriate toasts were proposed, drunk and responded to. At about five o'clock the visitors began departing by the trains, and much excitement was occasioned by the struggles of the vast crowd to gain seats in the cars.

THE MISSOURI AND DELAWARE STATE BUILDINGS.

Grouped along on what is known as State Avenue in the northern section of the Exhibition Grounds, which is higher in its contour than the other parts of the inclosure, and overlooking the main Exhibition structures, are the buildings of a score of States. These form the separate headquarters for the visitors from the several States where they register their names, see their local papers and make a sort of home for the nonce. But few have any exhibits, the States as a rule occupying spaces in the Main

Building. It may be remarked generally, that with the exception of New Jersey and one or two others, these buildings have no distinctive architecture other than what is expressed in the term "cottage." Our artists have selected two of the more noticeable of these mediocre buildings, architecturally speaking, and made very pretty illustrations of the headquarters of Missouri and Delaware. The latter's building is a natty little bird's nest, suggestive of the State itself, and is much resorted to by the citizens of the Blue Hen's Chicken, and, indeed, by those interested in the land of the Claytons, the Bayards, the Rodneys, and the Saulsburies. Missouri, also, is a little building, her Commissioners stepping in with a modest pavilion-like structure of 24 x 18. The artists have given excellent sketches of these two buildings.

The most unique of all the buildings in the Centennial Grounds is the Canadian. It consists, as the illustration shows, of a structure made entirely of underwood lumber, comprising some notable samples of the sturdy growth of wood on the soil of the Dominion. The cedar-logs which support the building are enormous. The edifice is not intended for the purpose of occupation, but simply as an exhibit of lumber, and as such it attracts as much attention as any of the pretentious cottages with which it is surrounded.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Toughness of Iron.—A set of wheels was lately taken from beneath the baggage-car of the California and Oregon express train at Sacramento, which had traveled in daily use 91,800 miles, nor were they worn out even then, but had become loose on the axle.

Grape Disease.—A new grape fungus, which first appears on the leaves of the grape-vine in the form of a minute yellow spot, was described by Dr. Engelmann at a recent meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science. It makes its appearance just before and during the flowering period, as far as known attacking only the leaves, or rarely the petioles and peduncles. It kills the leaves and thus cripples the plant, and attacks all varieties indiscriminately.

Crookes's Radiometer.—According to Mr. Crookes's latest experiments on the radiometer, the viscosity of the residual gas in a radiometer exhausted to a very high degree of sensitiveness is almost as great as if it were at the atmospheric pressure. With other gases the phenomena are different in degree, though similar in kind. Mr. Crookes is almost convinced that the repulsion resulting from radiation is due to an action of thermometric heat between the surface of the moving body and the case of the instrument, through the intervention of the residual gas.

Boiling Tea.—Water which has been kept for some time in the state of ebullition does not make so good an infusion of tea as water "just upon the boil." A reason for this is suggested by a writer in the *Chemical News*, who says that the escape of dissolved gases might possibly account for the inferiority of tea infusion made with long-boiled water. To test this, he passed for ten minutes through boiling water a stream of carbonic acid gas, and then made an infusion of tea with it. The result was decidedly better than when water was employed that had boiled for the same length of time without the addition of the CO₂.

Lard.—Lard is the prepared fat of swine. It is white and inodorous when fresh, possessing very little taste, but on exposure to the air it has a tendency to absorb oxygen and to become rancid. It melts at a low temperature, and unites readily with wax and resin to more permanent compounds. It is made of 62 parts olein, or liquid principle of fat, and 38 parts of stearin, or solid principle. Candles are made up of the solid constituents, while the liquid is used for burning in lamps and to adulterate olive oil. A composition of stearin and wax, melted in forms and mingled with designs in pastillage or gum-paste, with flowers, leaves, and colors, is now used to imitate temples, statues, vases, fountains, baskets, animals, birds, under the general name of confectionery. This stuff is no more confectionery than a stearin candle, and not a whit more palatable.

Technical Education.—The presence of an unusually large number of scientific men in this country at the present time has been the occasion of joint meetings for the discussion of the leading questions of the day, especially in reference to schools for the education of civil and mining engineers. There have been complaints entered against schools for granting full degrees of engineers of mines and of civil engineers to young men immediately on graduation, and before they have seen any practical service. It may be said that the medical faculty do the same, and the theological schools license the untried preacher, and cast him loose upon the community. At a joint conference of civil and mining engineers, held at Philadelphia, it seemed to be universally agreed that full titles and degrees should only be conferred after a post-graduate course in practice. The difficulty would be to induce the existing schools to change their practice in this respect. Every one who took part in the discussion also insisted that a broad foundation of general culture was the best basis for training in any technical course of study.

No More Potash from Wood Ashes.—The ruthless manner in which our forests have been cut down for no other purpose than to procure a small supply of charcoal or of carbonate of potash, is now bewailed by everybody for the reason that the devastation has changed the climate and dried up the streams over vast areas of country. The announcement that an abundant supply of material has been found in mines, and that the world can be supplied from these deposits will be received with satisfaction upon all sides. The salt mines of Strassfurt, in Germany, furnish an unlimited supply of chloride of potassium, from which all of the salts of potash required in commerce can be supplied. Already more than one-half of the potash of the world is made from the Strassfurt deposits, and the industry can hardly be said to be more than in its infancy, as the unlimited supply of material offers great inducement for investment and extensive manufactures are likely to be established. Incidentally growing out of this industry is the introduction of potash salts for manure and compost, thus giving to the agriculturist a much needed help for crops.

Wintergreen Oil is another growth of nature which can be made artificially out of carbolic acid, one of the coal-tar products. It has long been known that the oil of wintergreen was a native mixture of salicylic acid and methyl alcohol, but the expense of making salicylic acid has prevented every one from attempting to combine the alcohol with it in order to produce artificially the oil. Within a recent period, however, Professor Kolbe has succeeded in preparing salicylic acid in unlimited quantities from carbolic acid; and now, in turn, we hear that this acid has been actually combined with methyl alcohol in such a way as to yield an oil which appears to be, chemically, and in all its properties, identical with the oil that is produced from the native plant. One of the results of modern chemistry has been to emancipate ourselves more and more from the silent operations of plant growth, and to utilize materials more conveniently to be obtained. As examples may be mentioned the wintergreen oil, bitter almond oil, mustard oil, and the oil of spruce gum. Advance in this path of investigation is somewhat restricted, owing to the cost of material for research, but it is not to be doubted that eventually many, if not a majority, of the essential oils will be produced by synthesis.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL, of Illinois, has resigned his professorship in the Chicago University.

The wife of General Sturgis has become insane over the loss of her son, Lieutenant Sturgis, who fell in the Custer massacre.

The Rev. Dr. Perry will be consecrated Bishop of Iowa, September 10th, at Geneva, Bishop Huntington preaching the sermon.

JOHN ANDERSON will make a Summer home of Penikese Island, which reverts to him in consequence of the failure of the Agassiz school.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, the African explorer, has been gazetted commander in the navy with seniority dating from July 21st last.

ROSA BONHEUR, the distinguished artist, was thrown from a carriage while riding in the country, near Paris, recently, and received severe injuries.

The Marquis of Huntly has accepted the post of President of the Social Science Congress at Liverpool this year. He is the Premier Marquis of Scotland, and only twenty-nine years of age.

BRUCH, GOUNOD, HILLER, LISST, Vieuxtemps, and many other famous composers, are expected to be present at a grand musical festival to be held at Amsterdam on the 9th, 10th and 11th of September.

INTELLIGENCE has been received in Richmond, Va., that Bishop Gibbons, of the Roman Catholic Diocese, will be removed to Baltimore as Coadjutor Archbishop to Archbishop Bayley, "cum jure successoriae."

JOHN ANDERSON has taken possession of Penikese Island which he deeded to Professor Agassiz for his Summer School of Natural History, as through the hard times the project has been abandoned by its friends.

The Bishop of Ely in a recent sermon, spoke strongly against the old pew system, describing it as selfish, unchristian and wicked. He was happy to observe that the restoration of churches was a means of abolishing it.

The old mansion in Danvers, Mass., built in the first half of the seventeenth century by William Hawthorne, and for many years occupied by the romancier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, is to be torn down to furnish a site for a lunatic asylum.

JUDGE DOUCET, of Quebec, has received a diploma endowing him with the medal professor and correspondent of the Academy of Jurisprudence and Legislation of Madrid, the highest honor that can be paid by the Spanish Bar to a foreign lawyer.

MR. GEORGE R. PERKINS, author of many mathematical works and a professor in several educational institutions of this State, and who superintended the erection of the Dudley Observatory in Albany, died suddenly in New Hartford, Oneida County, N. Y., August 22d.

REV. WILLIAM HOOPER, D.D., LL.D., a prominent Southern educator, died at Chapel Hill, N. C., on the 19th instant, at the age of eighty. He had filled chairs in the State universities of both North and South Carolina, and was at one time President of the Baptist Female Seminary at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

SENATOR OLIVER P. MORTON was a guest at the Frank Leslie Pavilion on Exhibition Lake last week. The Senator rested there as the most comfortable place on the grounds in the hot days of August, the spray from the fountain cooling the air which blows in the Pavilion's spacious and numerous windows.

It is a curious fact, and one not generally noticed, that the title of Beaconsfield, now assumed by Mr. Disraeli, occurs in his earliest novel, where Lord Beaconsfield and his family are repeatedly mentioned. It was suggested to the novelist, of course, by its association with Walter and with Burke, both of whom lived and both of whom lie buried within the precinct of that little Buckinghamshire village.

The Very Rev. Dr. James O'Connor, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, was consecrated as Bishop of Nebraska, August 20th, in the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo's Theological Seminary, at Overbrook Station. For a number of years he presided over the theological seminary named above, and then, after a trip to Rome, he accepted the pastorate of a Catholic Church at Holmesburg. At his request the consecration was private. Bishop O'Connor is to go at once to Omaha.

DURING his recent stay at Ischl the Emperor of Austria saved the child of a poor woman from a violent death. As he was passing through the Rettenbach gorges, a boy of four years fell over a precipice, and his clothes having caught on a projecting branch, was suspended over a torrent some fifty feet below. The Emperor, whose proficiency in all athletic sport is well-known, jumped across the precipice, freed the boy from his perilous position, and took him back to his mother.

The ex-Queen of Spain has at last returned to her own country, and will reside, it is expected, at Seville, where she will be an important ally of the reactionary party. It is stated that she wishes to arrange a marriage between King Alfonso and his cousin, the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, thus linking together both the female lines of the Spanish succession. It is not impossible that her arrival in Spain may be followed by a demonstration in her favor of an unexpected kind, as she never lost her popularity among the peasantry, and her son has failed to make his personality felt.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB'S "History of New York City," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., will be completed in not over thirty-two parts, of which four have appeared. The patient labor of the author is displayed on every page in the abundance of interesting facts which she brings newly before the readers relating to the early history of Manhattan Island, the social habits and customs of its population, and the relations of the first settlers to the aboriginal owners of the soil. It seems surprising, in recognizing the merits of the opening chapters of this work, that so large a gap could have been so long permitted to exist in the published history of the Metropolis, and it is equally gratifying to see it, even at this late day, so satisfactorily filled.

EDWIN D. MORGAN, Republican candidate for Governor of New York, was born in Berkshire County, Mass., in 1811, and spent his early manhood in Hartford, where he served in the Common Council. He came to New York in 1836 and went into the grocery business. He became a successful merchant. In 1849 he was elected Alderman of the Fifteenth Ward, and in the next Fall he was chosen a member of the State Senate, and in that body he served six years. In 1856 he called the first Republican National Convention to order, and two years later he was chosen Governor of New York. In 1860 he was re-elected. In 1863 he was elected United States Senator. Mr. Morgan supported Mr. Lincoln's Administration throughout his term, and refused in 1865 the position of Secretary of the Treasury which was tendered him. In 1869 he entered the lists for a re-election, but was beaten by Fenton. On the 14th of June last, as Chairman of the National Executive Committee he called the Republican Convention at Cincinnati to order.



1. The French Gallery. 2. The United States Gallery. 3. Visitors Taking Notes. 4. Italian Sculpture. 5. The Corridor of the Annex. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—CHARACTER-SKETCHES IN MEMORIAL HALL AND THE ANNEX.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 11.

"OLD ABE."
THE LIVE WAR EAGLE
OF WISCONSIN.

ONE of the most honored visitors at Agricultural Hall, in the Centennial Exhibition, is "Old Abe," the veteran and battle-scarred eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. He was born in 1861, and when only two or three months old experienced his first battle. After that he participated in thirty-five more, almost as many as Napoleon. Since peace was ushered in he has been maintained at the expense of the State of Wisconsin, and he has been loaned to show visitors at the Centennial what a real live bird of freedom is like. Colonel Wood, of Philadelphia, has offered \$10,000 for him, and Darnum twice as much, but he is not for sale. Unless extremely hungry, Old Abe never eats anything tainted. He is fed only once a day—every morning—fresh fish fowl, and veal or lamb being given him. He patiently remains on his perch all day long, a model of dignity and defiance. He seems to know that he is at the Centennial, and that he is the observed of all observers in Agricultural Hall. He permits his body-guard, Johnny Hill, (the lucky veteran selected by Governor Ludington to act in that capacity), to fondle him at will, but if anybody else assumes even the most polite liberties with the body of his eagleship, the talons and beak are sure to be brought into service. At night Abe retires to the cedar-tree in the rear of the Wisconsin building, a chamber he prefers to the close room in that structure occupied by Johnny. Since the close of the war Abe has, by invitation, attended more army reunions and things of that kind than has Sherman or Sheridan during the same period. During his Southern campaign of three years, this famous eagle was recognized by the whole army as the living emblem of the liberty for which brave men fought. The story goes that at the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi, General Sterling Price ordered his soldiers to take him at any hazard, saying: "I'd rather capture Old Abe than a whole brigade."

A PORTABLE BATH.
SOMETHING NEW IN
INDIA RUBBER.

THE Goodyear Rubber Company, of Nos. 365 and 367 Broadway, New York, with their numerous branches all over the Union, have, this Centennial year, brought out something worthy of their fame as the leading rubber firm of the world. It is no less than a bath-tub, which not only can be compressed into the shape and volume of an ordinary satchel, but actually be used as such. The "Carpet-Bag Bath," for such is the suggestive name of the ingenious invention, is made of the best double-coated rubber fabric, absolutely water-proof, light, yet strong, durable and cheap. The japanned iron framework may be detached and put in the rubber, together with traveling and toilet articles, the whole strapped up, and you then may carry your bath and bag in your hand. An air-cushion for the support of the head,



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE CARPET-BAG BATH-TUB, IN THE MAIN BUILDING ANNEX.

hooked on by brass wires, will greatly enhance the comfort of the bather, and may be used besides for other purposes. The Carpet-Bag Bath is cleansed, filled and emptied by one and the same rubber hose, the emptying being performed by the siphoning process without applying the hose to the mouth. The tub for children weighs only eight pounds, for adults fourteen pounds, the extra size eighteen pounds. The illustrations represent the Carpet-Bag Bath set up ready for use. It is equal in strength and appearance to any metal tub, but much more agreeable to the touch; no slight advantage to

invalids and ladies of delicate health. The compact shape of the tub and its ready portability will render it an indispensable luxury to travelers, and to residents in rural districts everywhere. It well deserves a special award from the Centennial Jury, and doubtless will receive one. It is on exhibition in the annex to the Main Building, in the north-west corner, and will also be seen at the Fair of the American Institute, in New York, this Fall.

FIRST PASSENGER
OVER THE EAST
RIVER BRIDGE.

ON the afternoon of Friday, August 26th, Mr. E. F. Farrington, Superintendent of Construction of the East River Bridge, made the passage from tower to tower in a "boat-swain's chair" suspended from the wires put in position a week previous. The chair was simply a piece of board about two feet long by one wide, with two holes in each end through which ropes are passed. The ropes were about four feet long, fastened to the cable at one point. Mr. Farrington started from the Brooklyn anchorage. He sat in the chair clinging to the ropes which supported it. As soon as he had taken his position in the chair, the engine at the Brooklyn anchorage was started, and the immense endless cable—6,800 feet in length—began to revolve around the drums. Slowly he passed up from the an-



OLD ABE, THE WISCONSIN WAR EAGLE.

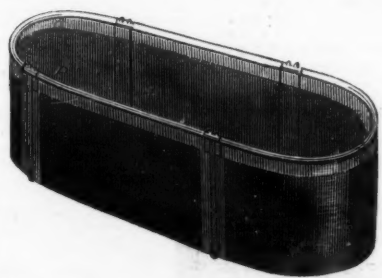
chorage to the tower. As he approached the massive pier, Mr. Martin, who was superintending the engine, gave orders to slow up, and when the signalman reported the chair within ten feet of the tower the engine was stopped. This was considered the most perilous point in the journey, because if the engine was not stopped in season the chair would be drawn on the pulley, and the occupant thrown out. Mr. Farrington was then hauled upon the tower, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen had assembled. The chair was then attached to the cable on the river side of the tower, and the Superintendent taking his position gave a signal, and the cable again began to revolve.

All the ferry-boats, tug-boats and steamers in the river set up a screeching. Every pilot seemed simultaneously to have seen Mr. Farrington on the wire. Some of the ferry-boats were stopped in the middle of the river, and the ladies on the boats, on the piers, and on the housetops wildly shook their handkerchiefs. Men and boys shouted and swung their hats, and Mr. Farrington, seemingly enjoying his ride, held his handkerchief in the breeze. When near the centre of the crossing he clapped his hands, and seemed immensely pleased. While nearing New York pier the wire was bent so that the trip was almost perpendicular, and Mr. Farrington stood in his seat,

and was thus safely carried to the top, and the first man who crossed the great bridge was greeted with terrific cheers. The trip from pier to pier was made in six minutes and forty-five seconds. The ride from the New York pier to the anchorage was accomplished in four minutes.

Mr. Farrington took this trip for three reasons, viz.: To inspire confidence in the men who are to follow him; to make personal observations, and for the satisfaction of enjoying the triumph of his undertaking.

and knowledge closely allied. Yet between the old styles of mezzotint and the new there come out divergences; and at the time of exhibitions in Manchester, Leeds, London, and elsewhere we have taken occasion to compare the one with the other. The conclusion seems to be that the old plates have the advantage in solidity, solemnity, and power, while the recent works, as exemplified in the engravings by Mr. Cousins, gain by brilliant contrast between the extremes of black and white. But it will be objected that the lights are of a whiteness approaching chalkiness; and, however true it may be that *Part noir* is thus transmuted from darkness into light, yet without doubt what has been



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE CARPET-BAG BATH-TUB, IN THE MAIN BUILDING ANNEX.

and was thus safely carried to the top, and the first man who crossed the great bridge was greeted with terrific cheers. The trip from pier to pier was made in six minutes and forty-five seconds. The ride from the New York pier to the anchorage was accomplished in four minutes.

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Mezzotint Engravings.

It is one of the best of tributes to a painter that his works have been engraved well and frequently; they may thus be assumed to be good not only in composition and in light and shade, but pleasure-giving, and therefore popular in subject and treatment. An analogous homage is paid to an author when his book is translated into a foreign tongue. And assuredly when measured in this way no man stands better with posterity than Sir Joshua Reynolds. His pictures have been reproduced by more than a hundred engravers, exclusive, of course, of ordinary cutters in wood, whose name is legion. Yet it is not so much due to line-engraving as to mezzotint that Reynolds's famous portraits and fancy pieces are widely diffused among our connoisseurs. The Italian term *mezzotinto* literally means middle-tint; the Germans used to designate the process "*Schwarzkunst*," and the French "*l'art noir*"; hence its professors were placed among the practitioners of "the black art." The mode of working may be briefly described as follows: First, the surface of the plate is by a tool scored and scratched all over, so that an impression taken on paper from it would be entirely black. The second stage introduces into the blackness light; this is done by scraping down the rough surface, the highest lights being those parts so far cut away as not to take the printing-ink. The effect, when at its best, somewhat resembles the old style of India-ink drawings. The method dates as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, but, having undergone some modifications, it reached in the time of Reynolds a consummation scarcely to be surpassed. Reynolds, it is said, on seeing a fine engraving of one of his pictures by McArdell, exclaimed, "By this man I shall be immortalized!" Mr. Tom Taylor, in the preface to the "*Life and Times*," etc., estimates the pictures of Sir Joshua at two or three thousand—nearer, he thinks, to

the three than two. Of these pictures, Dr. Hamilton tells us, 524 were reproduced by the most eminent engravers, and copies of the original plates have been executed to the number of about 151 by other hands, making in all 675 engravings. In producing these plates no fewer than 103 engravers were employed. This reckoning does not come down later than the year 1820, and therefore omits the artists employed on the engravings now in course of publication in England.

The versions from Reynolds given by Mr. Samuel Cousins are felt to be sympathetic. It is evident that the painter and the engraver are by intuition

cally called by engravers "color" is somewhat lost, so that, instead of the golden tone of Reynolds, we have to be reconciled as best we can to chalk and water. This is but one of the many penalties incident to the endeavor in this present day to pitch all pictorial art in the highest key. Yet, in comparing old with new mezzotints, we must not overlook the timely innovation of highly wrought etching as the first stage or the foundation of the consummated result. We have authority for stating that the etching supplies precision of form, together with a variety of surface which represents the varied objects in nature. The middle tones of the mezzotint method secure the nice adjustment of light and shade, with a velvety quality in the deepest shades, upon which the exquisite result ultimately depends. Here, as in nature, severe and abrupt outlines are merged in a softly pervading chiaroscuro; and thus, instead of the defined demarcations of line-engraving, too often less sensitive than mechanical, we enjoy the semblance of transparent washes laid on with a liquid brush, as in water-color drawings. In this and other ways Mr. Cousins succeeds in reproducing the peculiarly persuasive properties of the painter with whom he is here identified.

Pearl Fishing in Scotland.

PEARL fishing, once common in the rivers of England, is now no longer an industry in that country, but the search for pearls is still prosecuted in some of the Scotch rivers, apparently with more vigor than success. The fishings in the shallow waters of the Dee (Kirkcudbrightshire) have of late years become exhausted, and all the ingenuity of the pearl-seekers had to be called into play in the search in the lochs and deep pools in the river's course. During the last three years tongs have been used with fair success, and the parts thus reached have been thoroughly fished. Beginning on the lee-side, the boat is allowed to drift, the fisher leaning over, with his head literally in the water, but protected by a tin box, through the plate-glass bottom of which he scans the bottom of the loch, perhaps thirty feet below, but to his eye not more than a tenth of that distance. On a series of poles, jointed after the fashion of a sweep's broom, is a landing-net, with steel scoops, into which the fisher sweeps every shell that comes beneath his gaze. In this way, and with much industry, a large number of pearls have been obtained, many of them of considerable value; but in another season or two the whole will be exhausted, and the pearl and pearl-fishing of the Cree and the Dee will become a thing of the past. It is to be regretted that the jewel-robbers in England do not search the rivers for the pearls which, during the occupation of Britain by the Romans, were found in large quantities in the fresh water mussels.

FUN.

AN Indian occasionally makes an arrow escape. "MOTHER-IN-LAW" is the nickname of the new London drink, "stout and bitter."

THE potato-bug is good bait for trout. Three or four trout turned loose in a patch will clean out the pests.

SOME Chicago ladies have been managing a yacht race. The sails were cut bias, and trimmed with real lace.

IT takes a good deal of philosophy for a man who bumps his head against an empty shelf, to excuse the shelf on the score of hard times.

THE dirty Sioux Indian never speaks poetically of fire-water or of smoking the peaceful pipe. He asks for rum and tobacco like a loafer.

PROBABLY you have heard why a minister delivering his peroration is like a ragged boy? Because he's torn'd his close, you know. It is hardly apparel case however.

ACCORDING to a well-known physician, "it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And it would be a very fishy one a man would get if he did go in after one.

THERE is a growing conviction in the minds of smokers that a vest pocket should be made deep enough to entirely hide a cigar from the scrutinizing gaze of the man that never has any.

THE difficulty with these counterfeit five hundred dollar greenbacks is, that when we are offered one, just as likely as not we have no genuine note of the same denomination in our pocket with which to compare it.

A FASHION note in an exchange tells us that slinkiness in white dresses is not fashionable. We always felt certain of it, even before we saw the item, and now our belief will be fully confirmed as soon as we learn what slinkiness is.

THE Newburyport Herald says the oldest man in the town is ninety-four. He never had a mortgage on his house, never compromised with his creditors, never held public office and stole the funds intrusted to him, and never wrote poetry for the newspapers.

A RURAL female beauty alighted from the stage-coach in front of the American Hotel the other day, when a piece of ribbon detached itself from her bonnet and fell into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I ain't; he's gone a-fishing," innocently replied rustic.

"THINGS is gettin' slouchways in dis country, I declar' to grasshops of dey ain't," said an old negro the other day. "Fust cum de cattypiller, den de chicken koller, an' now here comes de grasshoppers; an' I hear talk de udder day dat a nigger was pisened wid a mushmilton. Looks like hard times—you heerd my horn."

A MAINE Universalist minister, advertising for a lost pocket-book containing \$8, said: "The person who has it knows whose it is, because my name is in it, and if honest will return it. If not, he will, of course, keep it, and accept my advice to use the money for the purchase of a stool of repentance that is charged with ignitable brimstone."

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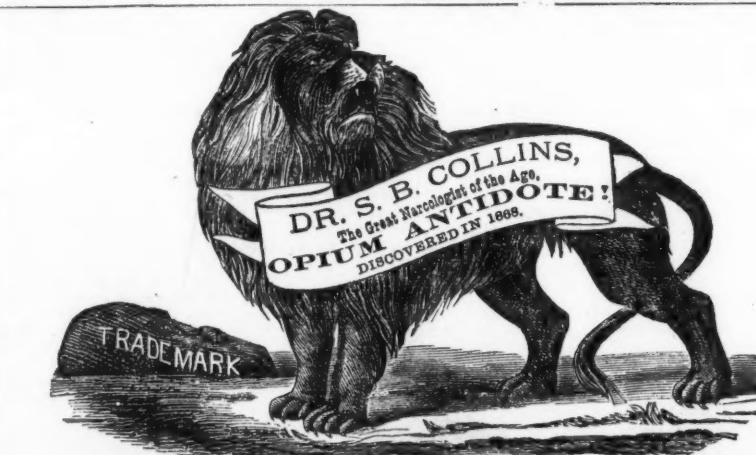
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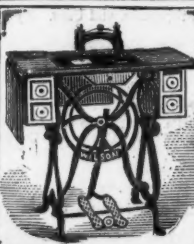
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